ANTIOCH *the* REVIEW

FALL '62

After Analysis, What?

JUDSON JEROME RICHARD FOSTER
KARL SHAPIRO ROGER W. HOLMES

Liberalism in the Fifties: The Travail of Redefinition

BERNARD STERNSHER

Bootlegging Humanistic Values Through Psychiatry

THOMAS S. SZASZ

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Editor's Shop Talk

■ The last time we were in New York we were seated in the subway across from two ladies carrying on an animated but one-sided conversation. We couldn't hear any of it over the roar of the tunnel, but one lady's mouth and hands were in constant expostulatory action while the other patiently nodded and swayed with the motion of the car. We were as fascinated by the listening lady's placid acceptance of the torrent of words as we were with the speaker's output. From the expressions and gestures, it seemed like a horrendous tale, full of shock and outrage. Finally the train pulled into a station, the doors banged open, and a sudden silence descended as the speaker stopped, the two gathered themselves to their feet, and the listening lady spoke for the first time, giving her answer. "Well," she said calmly, "since my analysis I don't give a damn."

We were reminded of this episode recently while telling a friend about the articles in this issue of the *Review*—"After Analysis, What?" Like many people today, he defines "analysis" as "psychoanalysis," and we had a few moments of the kind of confused dialogue beloved of writers of low comedy from Shakespeare on. "A good topic," he said. "I've often wondered whether one really does live happily and well adjusted ever after. Or are the alternatives too horrible to contemplate, like the failure of a reducing diet? I hope you have something in there about that recent phenomenon of suburban society, the Post-Analysis Snob. And the He-

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Analyzed-Me-Let-Me-Analyze-You Syndrome."

It may be an interesting topic for a special issue, but in some other magazine. Our friend was disappointed to learn that our use of "analysis" applied merely to definition and explication in the humanities. We hope our readers will not be similarly disappointed, because the two uses of the word are really not so dissimilar and the implications of the question in either sense are the same. If the test of psychoanalysis is how well the patient meets the problems of his life, the test of analysis in the humanities and social sciences may well be how they can meet the problems of our society.

■ We accepted Dr. Thomas S. Szasz's article (page 341) before we ever heard of thalidomide or Sherri Finkbine, and what we had thought was an unusual illustration of the larger topic Dr. Szasz discusses has since been the subject of yards of newspaper copy and discussion in Letters to the Editor columns. It is distressing, if understandable, that it takes a front-page tragedy to provoke such discussion, but it is also distressing to know that without this kind of dramatic publicity the Kefauver drug control bill would have remained emasculated in committee. We would like to think that Mrs. Finkbine's struggles for a legal abortion would similarly lead to positive action on that problem, but about that we are much less sanguine. The Letters to Editors we have seen split on exactly the point Dr. Szasz puts his finger on: at what instant does a fertilized ovum become a human being—or "a living soul" at the Letters say? We can only with difficulty imagine this as the subject of legislative debate in a pluralistic society, but we do believe that a pluralistic society should allow for plural definitions and enable, among other benefits, psychiatrists to get out of the bootlegging business.

■ The Philip M. Stern Family Fund has announced "a program of grants to writers whose proposals for magazine articles have provisionally been accepted by an editor but who need financial assistance in order to perform necessary research." We are glad to see the foundations take yet another underprivileged minority group to their munificent bosoms, and we hope writers, editors, and the reading public will benefit from this program. Any who are interested may write the Fund at 1712 I Street, N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

We are not sure how the *Review* can take advantage of this program, however, since we do not maintain a stable of writers and very seldom commission articles, even if they don't need research. We wish we could, but to do so would require an editor with the time to study many fields, choose topics, and pick qualified writers to deal with them. We are just not that kind of editor, unfortunately. What we need is a foundation grant to enable us to hire a full-time editor who can commission articles from writers who can take advantage of this program of grants to magazine writers. The first assignment such an editor could hand out is an investigation into the problem of why it so often takes foundation money to get foundation money.

After Analysis, What?

A preface by JUDSON JEROME

■ When the *Antioch Review* received Richard Foster's article, "Frankly, I Like Criticism," I felt we had in hand a respectful funeral sermon for criticism as we have come to know it in the first half of the century. I thought (perhaps the leap was too sudden) of Bertrand Russell (who was in jail at the time—for having attempted to move from analysis to application), of Linus Pauling (who seems to have left the laboratory to protest what the laboratory has made possible), of Eric Fromm and C. Wright Mills, and of Karl Shapiro, whose *In Defense of Ignorance* was itself one of the stimuli prompting Professor Foster's article. Wrong-headed, even foolish, though such valiant ones may sometimes seem to us, we were intrigued by the possibility that they might be symptomatic of a large-scale reorientation of intellect, which might increasingly regard its sphere as that of doing rather than defining. We asked Karl Shapiro for a comment—and his peppery reply is further indication of restlessness under an academic (what we might vaguely call an analytical) yoke. Roger Holmes's article, "The Predicament of Modern Philosophy," fortuitously arrived, suggesting a similar rumbling toward change in his field. We asked him to extend his comments specifically to predict what might follow if the Age of Analysis, like the Age of Criticism, is indeed evolving into something new.

Analysis is taking apart, which the modern world associates with discovery of meaning. "Houses are made of house," was the indignant response of a recent student to a required physics course. He was not being analytical. He was being impressionistic, commonsensical, anti-intellectual, naive, rebellious, simplistic, bull-headed, and funny. Sythesis is associated with the latter qualities: putting things together, making things up. It seems phoney, or superficial,

or escapist, or illusionary to the twentieth century mind. Like lemmings, we are intent on marching down to ultimate reality. It seems idiotic in lemmings, but our search for truth by dissection, explication, isolation of factors, limitation of circumstances, control of conditions, our insistence that what matters *really* is the particle of the particle of the particle, is similarly idealistic: it has led us, in most areas of intellectual endeavor, away from anything recognizable as life. *Synthetic* has become a synonym for *false*. Meanwhile the macroscopic world around us, so drained of our intelligent attention, seems hollow and doomed to collapse.

How widespread is the restlessness with analytic processes which these articles seem to suggest? Are experts feeling the need of wisdom? Are morals—or what we have been trained archly to call "value judgments"—coming back into fashion? Professor Foster uses the analogy of quiet honing of specialized instruments to describe the preoccupations of the literary elite in recent years. Are there many, in many fields, who feel the instruments are honed to the vanishing point—or that, whether or not they are sharp enough, the swords must be swung in a cause? It is possible to think of Karl Shapiro and Linus Pauling as having left the trenches: they sometimes look exposed and lonely out there, untrained for the battle they are fighting. Is there any likelihood that the intellectual troops will follow them?

No, I think there is not much likelihood. To dream, in 1962, of a literature people might be interested in reading, of art they might look at without a sense of duty to respect the ugly, of music they might actually care to hear and remember having heard, of philosophy which bears some relevance to their lives or science which attempts to increase their happiness, is, of course, absurd. To move in such directions would be regarded by the professionals as a betrayal of intelligence and reason. To suggest that research should be anything but pure, that art should be for any other sake than its own, to deny the intrinsic worth of inquiry and experiment, or to applaud product instead of process, is naive. It is anti-intellectualism, possibly even do-goodism, possibly even common sense.

The image for our times is the ostrich, bending to a microscope beneath the sands, studying the shadow of the image of the inver-

sion of the complement of an anti-particle which he thinks may prove to be a reflection of reality—all the while with his posterior exposed to the macroscopic weather. His position is logical. His birdbrain is protected.

In spite of what may appear to be a satirical tinge to this account, I find it hard myself to pull my head up. To do so requires commitment, engagement—as the Existentialists have been telling us (at the expense, as Professor Holmes points out, of all reason and definition)—and commitment is hard to come by. Anti-commitment is easier, but not enough: the virulence of those who leave the trenches to fight is frightening because it appears to be mainly destructive. The professionals have at least a solid structure, an apparatus and method, a machine to keep running; and I would myself not want to smash it unless I had something to replace it with. For example, "Better Red Than Dead" is a mighty minimal banner under which to peacemarch. The literature of the twentieth century has been clear about nothing so emphatically as the conclusion that life isn't worth living. It is hard to work up a commitment to survival (though I would find it equally demoralizing to march under the banner, "Better Dead Than Red").

It is the humanities, not the sciences, which have most disastrously failed—for it is their special function to provide grounds for commitment. I particularly blame literature which began shuddering early in the nineteenth century, burying its head, letting modern experience go by. What it sees, with its head down there, is that the individual is isolated, with no hope of communication, his values formed by mass media, his life determined by mechanical forces of social change. We are always crying vainly that we should love one another in a world of pain, while ignorant armies clash by night. None wants to risk his skin breaking up the dogfight. We call the city unreal rather than learn how to live in it, curse the old bitch gone in the teeth, moan that "The best lack all conviction, while the worst/Are full of passionate intensity." Of course the armies do clash, the cities are unreal, the bitch is aging, and Hitlers do have more passionate intensity than their opponents. We lack examples of the best with passionate intensity, with commitment, with a sense of responsibility for valuing life and communicating its worth.

I feel the dilemma personally—and would like to give a personal response. The threat of annihilation has had a good effect on me. I have found myself experiencing more frequent moments of serene love of my wife and daughters, my green lawn and glass windows, the morning air and afternoon shade. I have come to smile a bit at the charge of sentimentality: yes, I smile, now that you mention it, I *have* begun to care. I have become less afraid of the charge of impressionism: the way things seem may be, after all, the best part of them. Similarly I have found a new happiness in my materialism: I find I *like* material—have a kind of reverence for the corn of autumn and the crackle of winter fire. I have been carefully nourishing the hope that the threat of death may make me love life enough to find some way to keep it.

And in simplistic moods it seems to me nothing in the world is easier than passionate commitment—to the obvious good, to the bright world around us, to friends, to words, to reason, justice, truth, pleasure, sweet flesh, courage, integrity, modesty, to young people and their crazy ideals. In such moods emergence from analysis seems not so much like leaping from the trench into a shell-swept field of night as lifting my head from the sand a little and swallowing the honeyed, available air, blinking at the day's generous light.

Is this, after all, a solution? I call it Materialism—a belief in, a commitment to, a passionate intensity about the butcher's meat, the carpenter's craft, my friend's poem. God is Complexity, I say: the infinite inter-relatedness of things which by its sheer inexaustibility wields justice, mercy, love, inspires my worship, and finally absorbs me in its eternal life. If I could just write a poem or play or novel expressing an inkling of love and gratitude for the world in which I find myself . . . .

But I probably won't. I, too, am a professional. Analysis is an involuntary reaction, and synthesis is for me, as for the next man, a hoax. The lemmings know. Sight for them is seeing through, and X-ray vision leads but to the sea. May I at least die savoring the salt of the water.

Frankly, I Like Criticism

By RICHARD FOSTER

■ We have just passed through an "Age of Criticism." And after such knowledge it has become officially rather sterile and pitiable to "be" a critic, and virtually diseased to be interested in criticism as a subject of thought and argument. One of the most popular current laments is that modern criticism has invaded the domain of the writer, dominated, stultified, finally usurped the proper rule of creativity. Karl Shapiro's recent *In Defense of Ignorance*, for example, identified criticism, and primarily what is called the "New Criticism," as the chief enemy of imagination, the latest tyrant to be overthrown. This is a useful because health-making attitude for an artist to have, and it has been a soundly traditional stance of the poet at least since the end of the seventeenth century. But because, frankly, I like criticism, I have to say that I think the attitude is wrong both as a judgment and as a statement of fact. And I must also say that I think possibly a poet or novelist, if he is any good at all, might be able to survive the knowledge that the opposite of this attitude is closer to the truth without feeling called upon either to throw off the laurel crown or slit his throat.

It seems obvious to me that criticism—in particular that vague but immense (because so amazingly successful) revolutionary movement in modern letters called the New Criticism—gave a writer like Mr. Shapiro his being as a poet, and recently as a particular kind of poet who has found his mature identity in a reaction against "criti-

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RICHARD FOSTER, who teaches English at the University of Minnesota, is the author of *The New Romantics: A Reappraisal of the New Criticism*, published by Indiana University Press, and co-editor of *Modern Criticism: Theory and Practice*. His poetry and critical essays have appeared in many of the quarterlies.

cism," "culture," "tradition," "Europe," and finally against "reaction" itself. Mr. Shapiro's *In Defense of Ignorance* was the crest of a wave of rebellion and renewal that began to accumulate in the fifties: in poetry, the howls of the Beats and the more considered disturbances of self-revision among some of the rising younger academic poets; in fiction, the shift from the Flaubert-James-Joyce high-art novel, with its characteristic appurtenances of theme and attitude, to looser and implicitly anticultural forms and themes. There were signs in criticism, too—for example, the virile trumpetings and stompings of Leslie Fiedler, whose essays on fiction and modern culture were written, he said, with the intention (rather resoundingly successful) of offending all those with "cemeteries to defend." Fiedler was closely related to the New Critics, and though not a conservative of precisely the Eliotic hue, he was nevertheless a conservative—even something of a "reactionary." But could churchwarden Eliot have written that phrase, or even thought the thought that its suave truculence clothes? And in the criticism of poetry, Randall Jarrell was already successfully cracking the cemeteries open with his little bombs of furious humor. How magnificently disabusing to have a very personal and often unorthodox book on *Poetry and the Age* begin with the sentence, "When I was asked to talk about the Obscurity of the Modern Poet I was delighted, for I have suffered from this obscurity all my life." Could Yeats the bard and seer have written such a topic sentence? Both utterances proceed from a security not only of knowingness and intelligence, but also of status. And the essays that grow from them are the irritable judgments of spokesmen, not the warcries of rebels; they ask for life and renewal, but they show that their authors have not despaired of the power of reason and skill—the power, that is, of a common humanistic discourse shared and understood by the opposition.

An age—age of criticism or not—seems to be over. There is in all quarters of literature much throwing-off, much striking out anew. But it is being accomplished with such intelligence, with such lack of waste, even, at moments, with such grace! The Beat phenomenon, for example, was so beautifully handled by all, from popcult to highcult to crankcult. *Life* and *Time* had always treated them as an innocent free entertainment (which at their best, indeed, they were to themselves); William Carlos Williams and Kenneth Rexroth, to

whom they had done obeisance, told them to grow up or shut up; and in the midst of all this, Karl Shapiro, an established poet with principles, anthologized one of them in the most recent college textbook, not only to display a symptom to the eye of history but to reward significance and worth where, in his considered judgment, it may have been slighted.

But though this is unmistakably a time of literary housecleaning and renovating, the house, perhaps surprisingly, remains. *Ultimate* revolutions, though I am sure they are still quite possible, no longer seem necessary, nor even very interesting. And this is because the possible extremes of sensibility—say, the Eliotic on the one hand and the Lawrencian on the other—are now participating (whether or not they believe they are doing so, they are; it is the rest of us that establish by our interest and attention the boundaries of literary culture) in a single, and on the whole coherent, community of letters. I believe that the establishment of this community is the achievement largely of modern critical activity, in particular that of the New Criticism and its followers.

But to argue such a large contention is not easy, and I must begin by permitting myself a little highly selective, but I hope persuasive, symbol-making. Consider first Mark Twain (the author of one major book and a welter of whimsy and journalism) as international lion of letters, stopping traffic in the capitals of Europe, filling the daily press with his quips, his wisdom, the data of his profits and losses, and collecting unwilled, like dollars, the honorary degrees of some of the world's great universities. Twain died in 1910, wealthy with the international honors of a world to which, in spite of his late "bitterness," he had given great pleasure. Henry James, who was to live on until 1916, had long before fallen into relative obscurity. He, too, quietly collected some degrees, but the great New York Edition of his fiction, the carefully re-wrought summa of his life work as a hardworking and self-critical writer, had already failed with the public. James and Twain had both gone to Europe, James as a writer, to live and write, Twain as an American barbarian-savant, to display himself and see the sights. Both Europe and America preferred Twain.

And consider a second symbol, related, but more dramatic still: Ford Madox Ford, at once one of the greatest modern English

writers (whether or not he is read does not change this), one of the most prolific (upwards of seventy books), one of the most influential (probably the only equal of Pound as a personal influence in the Anglo-American literary world of the teens and twenties), and one of the least known (for most of the last two decades nearly all his books have been out of print). Ford had achieved a secure if minor reputation in the world of English letters before 1914, but by the time the twenties had got under way a combination of personal scandals, public suspicion of his German background, and the generalized decimating effects of the war had almost completely obliterated him from serious public attention. And yet he had two decades of productive life ahead of him—thirty books to go, a half dozen of which are among the great ones of the period. But H. G. Wells, chief novelist of English common-sense progressivism, protrayed Ford in his 1934 autobiography as a rather absurd eccentric who had written "some admirable poetry, two or three books in conjunction with Conrad, and a considerable bulk of more or less autobiographical unreality." Putting aside everything else of significance, Ford had published only a few years earlier the last segment of one of the major works of modern English fiction, *Parade's End*. Wells' view was not uncommon, however; for nine years earlier, in the year of the second of the four Tietjens novels, Van Wyck Brooks, chief American spokesman of the most up-to-date liberal culture, had casually pitied Ford as an uprooted and incoherent aesthete: "his mind was like a Roquefort cheese, so ripe that it was palpably falling to pieces."

James and Ford, it seems to me, were the victims ultimately of criticism. They were, of course, victims of a change in literary culture and taste; but my point is that the change in culture and taste was discerned as a "rebellion," defined, promoted, and finally established as a "culture" by criticism. The official literary culture of the earlier years of our century was grounded in the modern principles of "realism" (satire and social criticism) and "naturalism" (economic and psychological tragedy). It was the age of the "modern novel" that Howells helped so importantly to bring in. Howells understood the greatness of his friend James, and knew James was his better as a writer. But there was his other great friend, Mark Twain, as ruggedly American as James was delicately European; and Howells seemed

to stand uneasily between them. America *was* the modern world, as Howells had discovered in his own *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, and James had turned his back on it. Howells' steady support of American writers with "realistic" substance and romantic attitudes was not so much a vote for the Twain side of literary possibility as it was against the Jamesian. Compulsively, almost guiltily, and counter to his own talents, instincts, and hesitancies, Howells yearned to see Zolaesque literary principle harmonized with the American Dream. His viewpoint, in its courageous, self-abnegating persistence, became a dynamic and creative act of criticism; it succeeded so well, finally, that Howells lived to see himself just as quaintly irrelevant, though never so mercifully forgotten, as his friend James. The momentum he helped to set going in the work of Crane, Norris, and Dreiser achieved the age of Lewis, Anderson, Dos Passos, and Wolfe. And during these years Ford was one of those who tried unsuccessfully to keep James ("the old man") alive for both literate Englishmen (who were busy reading Bennett, Galsworthy, Wells, and Maugham) and Americans.

Ford died in June of 1939, the year whose literary sensation was the publication of Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. In August Ezra Pound wrote to Wyndham Lewis, "I have buried pore old Fordie in (of all places) *The XIXth Century and After*. Only hole left. And an inadequate oration as they had room for 'under 1500' and by the day after the day, etc. An I think you make a beau geste and putt a penny on the old man's other eye. No one else will." The depth of Ford's final obscurity is illustrated by the fact that some years later Stephen Spender, in a long article on "Movements and Influences in English Literature, 1927-1952," identified Ford as an "American expatriate."[1] But of course Ford would have taken delight in such a blunder. His life and works both were made out of a continuous texture of such quirky erroneous illuminations. And he would have been pleased to be mistaken for an American. He was fond of America and lived much of his later life here. During his last years he was "writer in residence" at Olivet College in Michigan, where he wrote his huge and delightful *The March of Literature from*

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[1] *Books Abroad*, XXVII (1953), 31.

Confucius to Modern Times. And he collected *his* honorary not from Oxford or from Yale, but from Olivet.

Ford's obscurity was, of course, to be expected; it was no more than an especially piquant example of the general condition of things at the time. With a very few exceptions, such as Scott Fitzgerald, our major literature of the first half of the twentieth century was made underground—in Paris and Greenwich Village, in Bloomsbury and Nashville, and in numberless raw towns and ranches of isolation like Olivet, Michigan, and Oxford, Mississippi. And it was a successfully accomplished program of criticism, finally, the program principally of what is now called the "New Criticism," that brought this new and various and richly indispensable literature aboveground and made of it a literary culture. This success amounted to a major victory in behalf of deeper intelligence, wider scope of imagination, and subtler, more limber skills in the arts of literature. It *freed* literature from society and in the end achieved for literature a superior status within the hierarchy of society's aspirations and values: the "difficult" writer, the free writer, even if he is not read, has now come to be respected, and his societal role has at least a basis from which to develop toward some sort of leadership.

All this amounted to a revolution of large importance. But what a quiet revolution it was! It was a revolution accomplished, very nearly, by simple withdrawal. Withdraw the best minds from participation in a smug and shallow culture and watch that culture begin to thrash about and exclaim hostilely and lose its shape, and finally sag and limply let itself be reformed. In one of his later essays Ford tells of the necessary revolt, in which he shared, against the language and mentality of the great Victorians, and how his personal revolt took the form of trying "to evolve for myself a vernacular of an extreme quietness that would suggest someone of some refinement talking in a low voice near the ear of someone else he liked a good deal." Ford is defining rebellion here in terms of the private discourse of an elite of sensibility and understanding, an elite of humaneness (though, of course, he is talking specifically about a style for fiction). He is stressing the human value preserved, perhaps even discovered, in the privacy. The privacy of the language of most modern literature (especially the "obscurity" of modern poetry) is paralleled in the privacy of langauge of the criticism that attended it

and elevated it to special status and significance before the public eye.

The need was to renew the arts of literature by making available to them the new and richer creative spirits; and status and freedom had to be supplied those spirits so they could do their work. The occultation of a mystery by the creation of special languages, special systems of discourse and symbolization, is one way to accomplish such an end—witness the examples of Marx and Kierkegaard—and it was just this that the New Critics set about doing. The special critical languages they evolved constituted a puzzling and sometimes awe-inspiring enactment of minority insight and privilege in the service of a culture-mystery. Eliot began his famous essay on "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919) with this quiet sentence: "In English writing we seldom speak of tradition, though we occasionally apply its name in deploring its absence." What a bomb-throwing sort of sentence it is for the time! It is 1919, after all, and the man is talking about *tradition*! And the quiet exclusiveness of that *we*! It is a form of Ford's "vernacular of an extreme quietness" suggesting "someone of some refinement talking in a low voice near the ear of someone else he liked a good deal."

And here are the first sentences of the Preface to I. A. Richard's *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924): "A book is a machine to think with, but it need not, therefore, usurp the functions either of the bellows or the locomotive. This book might better be compared to a loom on which it is proposed to re-weave some ravelled parts of our civilization." The radical imagery of these sentences and the nature of the task they propose measure the differences between Richards and Eliot as critics; and yet in spite of the differences both men are rebels in the same cause. Eliot is a cultivated traditionalist whose rebellion consists in the perpetual dramatization of his withdrawal into a world where he and a few other cultivated traditionalists keep the currents of culture and tradition alive in words. Richards is a cultivated liberal whose rebellion consists in his withdrawing only temporarily among other cultivated liberals to devise programs and techniques for the renewal of modern culture.

It was between the two poles of discourse represented by Eliot and Richards—a language of traditional high culture on the one hand and a language of modern speculative quasi-science on the other—that the occultative procedures of the New Criticism ranged.

On the culture side there were the cultivated, witty, whimsical essays of Ransom; the gloomy, prophetic dirges of Tate; the lush, often inscrutable rhapsodies of Blackmur; and on the science side were Cleanth Brooks, William Empson, and many others, honing technical vocabularies of criticism and proffering them as delicate instruments of literary elucidation and judgment. In the midst of the age of the novel, both kinds of critic raised poetry to the supreme position among the literary arts. In defiance of academic tradition, furthermore, they quietly reduced the status of certain established writers from the past, and raised the status of certain lesser-known ones; sometimes they would condemn or ignore whole periods of past literature in order especially to praise or emphasize the value of certain others. And in an era of liberalism and progressivism, most of them stood for a social ideal that was conservative, even hierarchical in kind. In sum, they made of their criticism the image of a total humanism which was in nearly every aspect a disavowal and critique of current ideals of modern life and of the established literary culture which reflected and sustained those ideals.

These men were immensely irritating, as they quite meant to be, not only to the comfortable literary journalists who were the guardians of contemporary culture, but also to university scholars who were guardians of the culture of the past. They were irritating first because they were *serious* about literature, and second because their act of withdrawal from the common scene was having an extraordinary effect. They were rapidly becoming a true elite rather than a reactionary irrelevancy in that the literate young were investing them more and more with oracular significance. Their quarterlies—Eliot's *Criterion*, Blackmur's *Hound and Horn*, Ransom's *Kenyon Review*, Brooks and Warren's *Southern Review*, Leavis' *Scrutiny*—became immensely important; they did more to publicize the new literature than the new literature's own "little" magazines could ever have done, and this largely because they were usurping the authority and influence of both the reviewers' magazines (*Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, *The Saturday Review*) and the academicians' scholarly journals (*PMLA* and its many likenesses). A *cultus* was turning itself into an institution. And when by luck, chance, providential insight, or the sheer negative power of vacuum, the New Critics began to assume leading positions in the universities during the thirties,

the institution was a certainty. The communicants of a mystery had put on the robes of an order, and the elite was secured *within* society *as* an elite. The dedicated efforts of the critics to teach, from this vantage point, both their students and their colleagues to *read* literature is symbolized by the appearance in 1938 of one of the classics of modern literary pedogogy, Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren's *Understanding Poetry*. During the decade of its greatest influence, the forties, while it was revolutionizing the teaching of literature chiefly by teaching the younger teachers what they had never been taught in college themselves—how to *read* poetry—the book was deprecated, maligned, even parodied by the conservatives and elders of the academic establishment. But this only added zest and point to the work the critical movement it grew out of was doing—making the study of literature more serious, by making it at once more technical and more humane. The huge success of that effort is attested to by the fact that *Understanding Poetry*, still an academic best seller, looks today rather ordinary, sometimes even a bit stodgy, in the midst of its dozens of imitators.

I must apologize for returning to Ford again, but he looms over this subject with such an imposing air of prescience that he is hard to side-step. More than fifty years ago Ford published an essay in *The English Review* called "The Passing of the Great Figure." It was all about how the mechanical complexity of modern life, the rise of mass culture, the last fading away of the remaining humanistic traditions and values that had survived into the late years of the nineteenth century, had brought an end to the Great Figure—universal colossus of genius, learning, art, and moral wisdom, whose power and function as a human norm had been assured by society's ancient tradition of attention to him. In the place of the Great Figure was a new species of "finer specialist," who was, alas, "starving to death." But Ford was hesitantly optimistic about the future: "In years a long way ahead there may rise up a great many finer specialists, each one of whom will be a Great Figure. This is all the hope there is for Thought and the Arts." The "finer specialist" as "Great Figure" is, it seems to me, what Eliot in poetry and Joyce in the novel along with dozens of others of their generation, finally became. They found their special talents young, tried them out in obscurity, and brought them to maturity within the protection of a true com-

munity of letters which criticism—not "critics," but *criticism*—had established, by cunning means and against great odds, for the freedom and sustenance of their art in the midst of an uninterested and even hostile society.

Well, the house is now built. It stands firm on its foundation principle of the artist for the arts rather than the artist for society. And the portraits of many finer-specialists-as-Great-Figures (Ford, because he *was* a Great Figure, left over by untidy History, is not among them—but he may be reserved for some destiny just as good, or better) comfortingly adorn the walls. Eliot's lecturing in 1956 to a Minneapolis multitude equaling that of three hockey games is now almost legendary. And Robert Frost's reading at the Kennedy inaugural will certainly become legendary. Even Jack Paar, who is apt to make fun of foreigners' difficulties with English, spoke of "Mister" Frost's troubled performance at the ceremonies with affection and respect before he asked Charles Laughton to read "The Gift Outright" to his audience. Things look pretty secure. So it now seems possible to have some housecleaning, some refurbishing.

Criticism, characteristically a little ahead, has lately been publicly announcing what is to be done. Criticism once saved the artist for the arts. Now, speaking from that basis of the arts' security, and knowing the dangers, especially for the young artist, criticism seems to want to take the next step: to save the artist for the salvation of society. Recent criticism has been telling the younger writers that they are "too" skilled—mannered, artificial, academic, humanly irrelevant. It has been pulling down the old icons, Eliot and Joyce, and raising up new ones (making for effect the not quite real gesture of junking the old), Whitman and Lawrence. And above all, it has been castigating *criticism* for stunting the artist's imagination by taking up too much of his time and attention. Recent criticism (some of it by old New Critics—a remarkably supple and various group) has been urging that the writer, with all the fullness and freedom of intelligence and skill that the decades of withdrawal and insularity had empowered him with, make use of his status and authority by re-entering the lists of Life.

I like criticism for all these reasons—for what it has done and is doing. And it is too bad, being the kind of thing it is, that criticism must bear the onus of a lot of junk that is called criticism and isn't.

There have been hundreds of pedants in recent years—stirred, it must be confessed, by the New Criticism—who have shifted their operations from the source-hunting and footnotery once called "scholarship" to something called "analysis" or "explication." "Analyses" or "explications" are usually based on some idea stolen from a critic, ponderously misunderstood, and then mechanically misapplied to some unsuspecting poem or story. Academic jobs are gained and held by this sort of thing, just as a generation ago they were gained and held by source-hunting and footnotery. So be careful—next time you think you're socking a critic, check to make sure it isn't just a poor, rather dull-souled, and probably innocent drone who's trying to make a living teaching school.

Some "explication," like some "scholarship," is necessary, useful, even exciting. But the true critic is a special sort of thing: he knows that neither analysis of texts nor scholarship are sufficient ends in themselves; he is intensely and seriously interested in literature; he is personal in his responses to it; and he expresses in his criticism, whatever his subject, his consciousness of his moment in history. Our *most* recent critics, those of the past year or so, tend to sound like this when they talk about their commitment: Literary criticism is "an act of total moral engagement, in which tact, patience, insolence, and piety consort strangely but satisfactorily together. . . ." (Leslie Fiedler, *Love and Death in the American Novel*); "The critic who writes well is the critic who lives in literature, who is involved himself and therefore sees the involvement of literature in our conduct, our thinking, our pleasures, our human fate." (Alfred Kazin, *Commentary*, November, 1960); "What . . . is the role of criticism? The answer is that a good work of criticism is *a work of art about another work of art*. Anything short of that is failure." (Karl Shapiro, *In Defense of Ignorance*). All this sounds good to me. It sounds like the voice of a criticism which, in spite of its stance of rebellion, shares with the criticism of the recent past a deep humanistic commitment to literature, and that is finding new ways to turn that commitment into action. It may even be the voice of a criticism that could help prepare the ground for wonders unimagined—such as a new age of Great Figures.

■ COMMENT

The Three Hockey Games of T. S. Eliot

By KARL SHAPIRO

> "Eliot's lecturing in 1956 to a Minneapolis multitude equaling that of three hockey games is now almost legendary."
> *From the preceding article which I am criticizing.*

Eliot's triumph in the gymnasium proves nothing to me. (What an embarrassment it must have been to such a hater of audiences. One can imagine him trying to explain it away in his butler's English.) The Minneapolis mob scene, after all, consisted mostly of parochial students herded into buses by nuns, plus college students who are forced to cram Criticism, the New kind.

My worthy opponent is trying to say that all's well that ends well: Eliot and Lawrence can lie side by side in the same cemetery; a dash of rebellion is good for the constitution; the status quo is dead—long live the status quo; etc. There is more wishful thinking than muddle-headedness here.

The critic of the academic type, and I am afraid Mr. Foster is one, has a fundamental contempt for literature. To the academic mind, literature is no more than a display of sensibility which symbolizes cultural limits. It's no more than the changing of the intellectual guard at Buckingham Palace. The Palace remaineth, the uniforms, and the force behind the stony faces. The greatest defender of the Status Quo in our time is Eliot—it's no accident that he is honored by royalty and the parochial students and hated by free men everywhere.

What is the the New Criticism but a shining bauble to dangle in front of the crying baby. Newcrit (let's be Orwellian about it) can't stand noise, human noise especially. It is always noisy in a house where there is no Tradition, said the Russian. Quiet, please. Remove that human being from the hall.

In 1950, on Eliot's suggestion, I removed from the cover of *Poetry* magazine the motto by Walt Whitman: "To have great poets there must be great audiences too." This act of imbecility on my part I can only explain by my then ignorance of Eliot's Newcrit. In 1950 I still thought he was an honest joe. The motto was never to be replaced, and *Poetry* fell into line with Newcrit. As far as I can make out, it is still Eliotic.

Giving atom bomb secrets to a foreign power is a recognized and dramatized form of betrayal. Literary betrayal is more subtle but almost as deadly. In 1912 when Harriet Monroe founded *Poetry*, the art had successfully escaped the Academy, it appeared for good. The new American poetry had got into the street, into the open air. People, even newspapers understood that America was beginning to write its own poetry. In a little while, however, Pound ("foreign correspondent" for *Poetry*) and Eliot began to manipulate the forms, taking them back and turning them over to the Academy. Newcrit provided the theology for this counter-reformation. The great audience was sent packing. And only one American poet succeeded in making his voice heard in protest—William Carlos Williams. Williams fumed and howled for years, decades, one live human being waving his arms in the cemetery. How can we forget that Eliot was allowed to sit among the Fellows of the Library of Congress to give Pound a prize for his life-hating poems, while Williams, once elected to the Library of Congress, was refused his seat?

The sell-out of American poetry (no patriotism intended) resulted in the kind of effeminate formalism which has been the fashion in this country for a generation and still is. The only healthy reaction against it is in the poems, lives, and acts of the various "disaffiliated" groups in the U.S. and around the world. Williams introduced *Howl*; that is a clue.

Newcrit has now passed into the textbook, embalmed and treasured up to a death beyond death. Its iron claw is so powerful in the Academy that it can even tolerate a little dissent, for purposes of invidious comparison at least. The highbrow magazines, always on the side of power-culture, refuse to recognize the existence of a revolt. But the live audience is being born again, beyond the gothic walls. The Academy observes a kind of token assimilation of the Beat, just as the big Southern universities admit three Negroes a year. A few professors like myself are permitted to hang on, but nobody knows when the knock is coming at the door.

Safe in his pew, Mr. Foster writes about the shiny new edifice of criticism. "Things look pretty secure," he says. Secure is the word; you can hear the iron doors clanking. Naturally he likes criticism. Criticism made all that possible. He can even say that my attitude is "health-making" because revolt is "soundly traditional." Newcrit here falls into Newspeak.

It sounds very much like the Communist swearing he is upholding democracy.

I would not answer his article at all except for one thing: I refuse the bait. I hope something will happen to all the Mr. Fosters to wake them out of their pious revery. But nothing will. A religious faith in Newcrit is hard to shake. Besides, it's a profession. You can't expect a man to give up his profession.

Reconstruction of People

By JUDSON JEROME

In those days occured mornings when sun arrived on earth
in yellow pools on green grass. Trees made shade.
People had glass windows, watched birds hop for insects,
or read news over juice, coffee, eggs, toast, marmalade.
Later it would be hotter, but there were inexpensive machines
for cooling and cleaning the air, others for cooling beer,
others for bringing communication into the home, or shelter:
music, comedians, baseball, warnings, and—once—all clear.
And all *was* clear—of vegetation, birds, bugs, cities;
the sky was clear of stars, the year of seasons and days.
My sockets smart, my respiration is not free
as I think of our level land, drink the foul haze,
and reconstruct those mornings, things—and people, people!
God knows how many of those there used to be.

The Problem of Philosophy in the Twentieth Century

By ROGER W. HOLMES

■ Ever since Socrates, waiting in prison to drink the hemlock, observed that the unexamined life is not worth living, it has generally been recognized in the Western world that philosophy belongs to every man. Whoever examines his life thereby becomes his own philosopher, and, as Descartes pointed out, this is an enterprise which every intelligent man should undertake at least once. As a result the philosopher, while weaving his philosophic threads, has traditionally written for every man. And he has been surprisingly successful. Plato's *Republic* is not only a masterpiece of philosophic discourse: it is also the beginner's best introduction to philosophy. David Hume in the eighteenth century wrote *A Treatise of Human Nature* in the language of the layman which yet profoundly influenced twentieth century thought. Philosophy belonged to the layman.

With the twentieth century there has been a great change. Hume was among those most responsible for it. As Henry Aiken points out in "The Fate of Philosophy in the Twentieth Century," "the general drift of twentieth century philosophy represents nothing that is radically new. . . . It represents merely the fulfillment and climax of tendencies . . . which have been active in Western philosophy generally since the time of Descartes."[1] But the fulfillment and climax have resulted in a situation that *is* novel, as the journal

[1] *Kenyon Review*: Vol. XXIV, No. 2, p. 241.

ROGER W. HOLMES, Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Mount Holyoke College, contributed "The Philosopher's *Alice in Wonderland*" to our Summer '59 issue. The present essay is the outgrowth of an address given at the Honors Convocation at Mount Holyoke in April, 1960.

literature alone is sufficient to attest. Philosophy has become a profession. Aiken concludes that it is the fate of twentieth century philosophy to be restricted *qua* philosophy to principles that are tentative first-personal precepts for the conduct of life. Its problem is precisely that it cannot accept this fate. A field that traditionally belonged to the layman, that must continue in some sense to concern the layman if it is properly to fulfill its function, has had professional responsibilities forced on it by its accomplishments in the last sixty years.

Paradoxically, it is these very accomplishments that have exposed philosophy to its greatest peril since Socrates was accused of corrupting the youth of Athens. In this century philosophy has gone off sharply in two directions. It has created a division within itself as wide, both figuratively and literally, as the English Channel, which in point of fact separates the capitals of the two schools of thought that constitute the major part of Western philosophy today. These two schools live in different worlds, speak different philosophic languages. Each accuses the other of being unphilosophic, each would consign the other to a limbo of futility and ignorance. One is the British school of Analysts; the other, Existentialism, has its home in France. The Analysts became so absorbed with professional standards as to neglect the problems which are philosophy's heritage; the Existentialists, convinced that the new professionalism is sterile, have denounced it and, throwing the baby out with the bath, rejected all standards. Although these two schools by no means exhaust the efforts of philosophers in the first half of this century, even in the Western world, their confrontation best illustrates the problem with which philosophy today is faced.

The Analyst movement began at the turn of the century as a revolt led by G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell against the domination of Hegel. It has resulted in the most important break-through in philosophy's history, thanks to the development of a new language, symbolic logic. The learning of a technical language is a small price to pay for so fundamental a contribution to the understanding of the nature of human knowledge. The extraordinary advances in the field of logic made by Whitehead and Russell's *Principia Mathematica* are the most important since Aristotle's

Organon and of higher order of significance. There followed Carnap's studies in the logical syntax of language, Hilbert's pursuit of the axiomatic method, studies in many-valued logic by Lewis and Rosser and others, and Gödel's revolutionary theorem which, when Harvard University gave him an honorary degree in 1952, was described as one of the most important advances in logic in modern times.

But the effect on the field of philosophy, as seen, for example, in the work of A. J. Ayer, has been very nearly the abdication of its role of examining life in the Socratic tradition. The Logical Positivists, one branch of the analytic movement, made spectacular advances in philosophy of science and in the investigation of the meaning of meaning. They have concluded that metaphysical and ethical statements are not meaningful because they are not empirically verifiable. Philosophy, they insist, must confine itself to the study of the logic of science. In this militant negativism, as Morton White calls it in his *Age of Analysis*, they have traveled too far too fast. Even natural scientists make meaningful though unverifiable statements. One of the basic distinctions one learns to make in the philosophy of science is that between a theory and a law. The distinction is in the area of verification. Since laws can be verified, there is necessarily general agreement concerning them, as in the case, for example, of Boyle's Law. They are in a sense nature-made. But theories, such as the kinetic theory of gases, are man-made conceptual systems; with regard to them there can be and often is wide disagreement in the face of the same empirical evidence. As one scientist has said: "Theories are made by fools like me, but only God can make a law." Metaphysical statements belong in the same category as the theories of the natural scientist. So far it has not been shown that they can be verified. But they may not be neglected with impunity. They are man-made conceptual systems dealing with problems to which, as Descartes pointed out, every thoughtful man must find his own answers. They are as important to Socrates' examined life as the theories of the physicist to his endeavor. Nor are they any more arbitrary or nonsensical.

The Ordinary Language group at Oxford, a later branch of the Analyst movement, has also nearly forced philosophy to abdicate. Inspired by G. E. Moore and impelled by Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*

and his later *Philosophical Investigations*, it can boast such figures as Gilbert Ryle, John Austin, P. E. Strawson, and Nowell-Smith. Preferring to advance philosophy by examining everyday language rather than by employing a new technical one, it has pursued a different type of professionalism which has also been notably effective. Painstaking analysis of language-in-use by these men has shown that certain of the traditional philosophic problems, when full attention is given to the words in which the problems are posed, are pseudo-problems. They have probably shown, for example, that the mind-body problem is such a one. Though their instrument is as old as Plato, their success with it has tempted them to believe that they have found a panacea. Fruitful as the analysis of ordinary language has been, it does not solve our heritage of genuine philosophic problems. To talk about language is merely to discuss words and not what lies behind them. With characteristic penetration, Bertrand Russell has said that if these Oxford Analysts were correct, all men would need would be Fowler's *Modern English Usage*.

In contrast to these analytic schools, and partly as a reaction against them, there has arisen in recent years out of the religious mysticism of Kierkegaard the counter philosophic movement known as Existentialism. Existentialism is more an attitude than a doctrine. So diverse are the tenets of its adherents that it has been said that the only way one can define Existentialism is to point at Existentialists. Both the Logical Positivists and the Ordinary Language school have used analysis to threaten metaphysics and ethics with sterility; the Existentialists have turned their backs on analytic procedures in uninhibited dealings with reality and conduct. That Existentialists have rejected all logic, including the Hegelian variety which their thinking so often resembles, they are the first to admit. Jaspers in his *Reason and Existenz* accuses rational reflection of being dialectical twaddle. In a recent article[2] Sidney Hook wrote that Existentialists overlook the role of intelligence and reason, that they glorify the arbitrary and irrational. Others have remarked the major role which ambiguity plays in the works of these men, citing Sartre's strange manipulation of his famous assertion that Existence precedes

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[2]"Pragmatism and Existentialism" by Sidney Hook, *The Antioch Review*, Vol. XIX, No. 2, p. 151.

Essence. Their method is as perplexing as its results. To be ambiguous is not always to transgress: poetry thrives on variety of interpretation. But in a philosopher it is sinful. This is not the first time in the history of philosophy that men have mistaken the ambiguous for the profound. Nor is it the first time that philosophers have begun their philosophies with so sharp a recognition of the subjective individual, or leaned so heavily on the subject-object dichotomy, or been so concerned with the tragedy of the human predicament. Philosophers from Plato to Hegel have spoken more wisely of these things because they understood better the dangers. Statements in these areas easily persuade those who make them that they are speaking profoundly. To be one's own philosopher is not necessarily to be a good philosopher.

The weakness of each of these contemporary trends has been the strength of the other. The Analysts have probably made more contributions to the philosophic enterprise than have been made in any other sixty-year period. And the Existentialists, while not extending the frontiers of philosophic knowledge [Department of Understatement], have kept alive in the minds of a post-war generation the basic problems which every thoughtful man must face if his life is, in Socrates' terms, to be worth living. Each has been of good service.

If modern logic has shown us anything, it has shown that just as language without grammatical syntax would be meaningless, so language without logical syntax is devoid of knowledge value. We have learned so much about logical syntax that the consequent advance in philosophy might be compared to the advances in physics made possibly by the development of calculus. People make good use of physics with no larger mathematical background than arithmetic, but to reach fundamentals one must know calculus. And so in philosophy. One can be philosophic with Aristotelian logic as a tool, but one cannot get to the fundamentals without modern logic. A major part of the work of a philosopher consists in the painstaking construction of conceptual networks. It may naively be supposed that this is not a difficult enterprise. But the first thing a student of philosophy learns is that the beginner's attempt to build a conceptual system employing such words as "real," "cause," "mind," "moral," "free," "existing," "objective"—to cite only a few—is disturbingly

lacking in precision and even more disturbingly influenced by emotional attitudes. Analytic methods have given us a more delicate measure of these shortcomings than we have possessed in the past. The serious student of philosophy must show a patience and a commitment to logical clarity that most do not realize they lack. Too many believe that because they philosophize at all they philosophize skillfully. To neglect the demands of logic is to circumscribe one's knowledge; to disregard them altogether is to be victimized by nonsense.

But analysis cannot give final answers to philosophic problems. Philosophies remain theories within whose range of possibilities men are free to choose their ways of life. This the Existentialists have understood better than the Analysts. Consider the central philosophic problem: How should the good man act? There is no operational definition of "good" that answers the question without begging it. Nor will an analysis of the language usages of "good" provide any information but about language usage. We still need to know how man should act; indeed in a democratic society every man has the responsibility to find an answer for himself. The Existentialists have not forgotten this, which explains why so many students, in their sincere quest for answers to questions they must answer if they are to live intelligently, have turned to the Existentialists, not realizing that they were taking the too-easy way out. Existentialists have at least sympathized with their problem and tried to help.

The danger that philosophy will altogether abdicate its Socratic role of concern with the problems of every man is diminishing. Not only do we find Aiken and others reaffirming this as its major concern, but even in England the movement is away from the extreme analytic position and toward a renewed interest in metaphysics and ethics. The year 1959 may be the historical marker of this change. In this year the impatience of pent-up disapproval exploded in Gellner's *Words and Things*, Strawson's *Individuals* and Hampshire's *Thought and Action* were published, and Brand Blanshard delivered his Carus Lectures at meetings of the American Philosophical Association. The danger that philosophy will lose itself in the wilderness of irresponsible utterances remains small. The Existentialists have been more a vexation than a threat. Philosophy throughout its his-

tory has had to endure such fringe benefits and should now be able to take them in its stride. We shall be saddled for years with philosophers trained in the refusal to see beyond linguistic gamesmanship, and we shall always have with us those who try childishly to nourish themselves by scraping the frosting off the philosophic cake. But books like Abraham Kaplan's *The New World of Philosophy* show the tide turning against both. Both may henceforth belong to the past.

After Analysis, what? Philosophy can never again be so many things to so many people. Competence will be measured more exactly. Behind the frontiers there is now a body of method and knowledge without which one is no longer qualified to make philosophic statements. It is not easily available: much of it lies scattered in professional journals. But when philosophers meet to talk shop there is a recognition of technical terms and basic principles, a major portion of them developed within the last sixty years, which constitute an accepted foundation upon which competent philosophic discourse is erected. The largest job facing philosophy in the years ahead is the consolidation of the progress made in the analytic period. When philosophers meet with laymen over philosophic problems, they encounter everything from the naive to the preposterous. They are compelled to call attention to and give instruction in the most elementary principles of their discipline. Philosophy has become a profession but does not yet enjoy the responsibilities of one. In a recent article on "The Changing Climate in Philosophy" in *Liberal Education*, Blanshard urges broader acquaintance with philosophic method and greater respect for the philosophic mind. This could be the major accomplishment of the final decades of this century.

What specifically may we expect of philosophy in the next forty years? Much of it could fulfill the early prophecies of American Pragmatism. Potentially the most important work is being done in the area of induction. The efforts of Carnap, Goodman, Hempel, Popper, and others may produce a break-through in confirmation theory comparable to the extraordinary advances in deductive logic in the early part of the century. Should this happen, metaphysics and natural science could be more closely related than they have been since the time of the Pre-Socratics. Metaphysics will not be denied. But if it is to be more than the product of wishful specula-

tion, it must submit to significant confirmation. One essential ingredient in the confirmation of statements about the nature of reality is empirical evidence. When we know more about the process of moving from evidence to hypothesis, and the checking of hypothesis against evidence, we should understand more clearly what the metaphysician is trying to do. His job differs from that of the physical scientist and will always be further removed from final answers, but he must be equally subject to the check of human experience. He should also attend to recent investigations by philosophers of science of the nature of "explanation." We may find ourselves in possession of a measure of world hypotheses that will render many of them untenable to any reasonable man.

Furthermore, philosophers seem newly impressed with the fact that they employ logic deductively in their pursuit of the nature of things. Kattsoff's *Logic and the Nature of Reality* is an obvious example of this tendency, though perhaps an extreme one. Milmed's *Kant and Current Philosophical Issues* provides another. On what grounds have we said since the time of Aristotle's *Topics* that if a set of premises entails a conclusion and the conclusion is known to be false, then at least one of the premises must be false? There is more than metalanguage in this. Some assert with Kant that the nature of things is rational because a product of man's understanding; others marvel with C. I. Lewis at the miracle that places rational man in a rational environment. But the fact remains. While it may be unprofessional ever again to claim in company with Hegel that logic *is* metaphysics, and Nagel is quite right in insisting that metaphysics be kept out of logic, there may be justification for putting logic into metaphysics. This would provide another check on the irrepressible metaphysician.

Fresh interest in the ethical problem, as distinguished from the analysis of ethical terms, may bring significant progress on problems of conduct. We are able to distinguish judgments based on taste and attitude from judgments which constitute knowledge. We know that the former are relative and impervious to argument, that they vary from person to person and from place to place and from time to time, and they are valid insofar as they affect the moral and aesthetic atmosphere of the life of the individual. In this area men will always preach at one another, but agreements should not be

expected. The latter are objectively measurable, and in dealing with them exhortation must give place to argument. They come into play whenever the actions of one individual or group of individuals impinge on the actions of other individuals in society. In them we have the only reliable unifying force in public affairs, the force of that testable knowledge which knows no barriers of race or nationality and is available to all men who will apply reason to experience. Recent studies by philosophers of science in the area of the social sciences may exert a major influence on ethics. We might discover that social, economic, and political action may most wisely be guided by appeal to that wealth of experience and logical clarity that are the same for all. Perhaps the most critical problem in contemporary society is to free ourselves so much as possible from the Spinozan bondages.

Philosophy has become a profession. Will it assume the responsibilities of one? As we move into the final four decades of the twentieth century the signs are encouraging. Granted the unexamined language is not worth using, we remember that it is more important that the unexamined life is not worth living. And the Existentialists have taught us again that the absurdities over which we agonize may be absurdities of our own making. Perhaps we have learned that analysis without speculation is empty, and speculation without analysis blind. How did philosophy get itself into so much trouble? For a period which may be unique in the history of philosophy, analysis and speculation were almost completely divorced. It is this that makes the period so instructive. The cause was not so much that analysis rendered speculation suspect; this has happened before. It is rather that symbolic logic and language analysis broke ancient barriers. In doing so they became absorbingly exciting for their own sake, and the resulting philosophic discourse inaccessible to every man. Yet every man continued to speculate, sublimely neglectful of the methodological advances that were being made.

Hegel once said that the owl of Minerva does not fly until the sun has set. But even while the sun is still up we may be sure that one of two things will happen in the years ahead. Either there will be some agreement as to the nature and criteria of philosophic knowledge and we shall have consolidated the gains made in the

first part of the century. In this case every man will do as well to listen to the professional in the development of his philosophy as he does to look to the physicist when he wishes to send rockets into outer space. This does not mean authoritarianism in philosophy any more than it has brought it to the physical sciences. Or philosophers will continue to act like Plato's puppy dogs, pulling and tearing at all who come near them, including one another. Then each layman will have to begin again at the beginning, rubbing sticks together to get fire. Is it not possible for every man to stand on his own intellectual feet while at the same time taking advantage of the advances that have given philosophy its new competence? Philosophy has a uniquely two-fold responsibility; that is why its problem is uniquely difficult. The philosopher is midwife. Like Socrates, he cannot profess to teach anyone anything. But he is also the lover of wisdom. Unless his subject possesses some type of discipline and in some sense provides knowledge, the wisdom he loves can never be known to be wise.

Requiescat

By ELIZABETH STONE O'NEILL

In the whole singing temple of me
not one sound reverberates.
I have torn down the echoing corners.
I shall destroy the altar.

In the whole house of being, walk
softly. The instruments are greatly hushed;
the floor has drunk the arches;
under the floor, all the monks are dead.

I shall not decorate the manuscript
which says I am. The manuscript is false:
false gods, false altars. When once you start to pray
there is no end of prayer, no end of gods.

I would as well cut off my tongue as pray
or as to speak of love in a dead house.
Defeat is wonderful; surrender now!
No scholarship or archeology
will dig us up, no Gabriel say, "Rise!"

Sing now, love lasts not, nor are gods reborn.
Seal with a silent kiss the god's dead eyes.

ELIZABETH STONE O'NEILL is a California teacher for whom writing is "an enthusiastic avocation."

Baudelaire Dreams of the Mulatto

By SAMUEL HAZO

No one imagines how the world withdrew
when she would come to me, the chained sachet
between her breasts deliberate as musk,
the drumhead of the dress around her loins
and thighs contending with the thrust of each
soft flex into the world we made and were.

Undressing, she would stand against the sun
and slip the double sling from breast and breast
until each one swayed pendant as a plum.
With skin still wrinkled where a garter left
its pressure, she would panther through the room
in nothing but her rings—and then the bath:

spilled water sliding down her tucks and folds
to heighten into bronze the brown of her
before she dabbed a towel to her parts
and rollicked on the davenport to dry.
A bitch of the street I called her as she lay
spreadeagled near my bed and spat at books

she could not read and challenged me to slap
or wrestle her until we tossed like cats
rampaging through an Africa of hating.
Loosened of my seed, I stilled her witchery
and swore I never saw the face I saw
bewildered in the jungles of her eyes.

SAMUEL HAZO, last published here in the Summer '61 issue, is Associate Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Duquesne University. His *Hart Crane: An Introduction and Interpretation* will be included in Barnes & Noble's "American Critics and Authors" series, and in September Sheed and Ward will publish his second book of poems, *The Quiet Wars*.

A Sawbwa Dies

By DAW MI MI KHAING

■ The Sawbwa lay on the high hospital bed under the regulation red Chinese blanket. The screen which shut him off from immediate view told us that the news of his critical condition, bringing us rushing here, was indeed correct. Ranged around the large emergency ward, silent, seated on chairs, were close relatives.

The uniting shadow of death was already over us. Sao Tun Aye and his wife we saw often; yet only now, seeing them already in attendance, I realized our kinship through that figure on the bed. Shan families are so interwoven by marriages and polygamy, we forget ramifications without surnames to remind us; we treat people as friends, to remember suddenly they are close relatives after all.

DAW MI MI KHAING, Burmese writer and educator, was born in the south of Burma of Mon stock, a people with memories of perhaps the richest culture in Burma. She received first class honors in English when she was graduated from Rangoon University, then went to King's College, London, from which she received her B.Sc. degree. She lectured in Rangoon at the Teacher's Training College until the invasion by the Japanese when she was evacuated to India under military orders. Resigning in 1942 to marry Sao Sai Mong, a member of the Sawbwa family of Kengtung, she worked for the rest of the war in the Delhi branch of the British Ministry of Information. There she wrote the work for which she is best known, *Burmese Family*, published in 1946 by Longmans, Green in India and by Indiana University Press in America in 1962. Since the war's end and Burma's independence, Daw Mi Mi Khaing has lived with her family in Taunggyi, capital of the Shan State, where Sao Sai Mong is the State's secretary of education and she is principal of Kanbawza College, a boys' prep school organized on English lines. The Shans form a relatively small, but vigorous minority within the Union of Burma, and the Sawbwa is a hereditary ruler of a state in those hill regions inhabited largely by Shans.

But one's thoughts should not wander irreverently. The Sawbwa is in dire straits. His habitual grunting snores beat the silence; beside him three nurses wipe away the ejections from that burst vessel in his brain; his tongue is clipped with a clothes-peg to keep it free of his teeth; he has not been conscious since he reached the foot of this high hill on the road from his capital town, Lawksawk, whence they brought him yesterday. His squat figure, his completely vulnerable and helpless position, is visible from the side of the room where I have found a chair at an angle to the screen. Horror strikes. . . .

My averted eyes rest then on Sao Tun Aye's wife, Sao Kin Lay. A Shan beauty. Lily skin, soft eyes, plump cheeks, with a slender body, sweet expression, fresh from a bath, powdered, perfumed. As so often before, this man now dying, who enjoyed no physical beauty in his own person, has loveliness hovering in his vicinity, gently brushing by. His growth was stunted, according to popular belief, by a fall from an elephant at the age of ten. That was a bitter blow to the towering old Chief, his father. Regardless, the old man's will arranged for him a marriage with the best any Shan prince could hope for: a Kengtung daughter, Sao Van Kyiao, "Gem-Mirror," beautiful as well as highest born. From that shrinking bride of fifteen had come the love of a mature woman, and from his thwarted growth six whole handsome children.

But fourteen years ago he had lost this Gem-Mirror Mahadevi who had truly been the light of his life. Eleven of the years he had spent in uncomplaining grief and loneliness; and then he had remarried, for companionship he thought, for he was 64; but such is the wonder of Nature, such the potency of seed and germ, that a second florescence had brought him twin boys.

The surprising origin of this event sat on my other side now; thin, too thin, her frame returned to its original flatness; her years beyond guessing except to assume past plumpness of fertile bearing.

But I was forgetting Sao Leng, also called Jean, our niece, and the only one among the Sawbwa's four daughters to be present, quietly sobbing. While I comfort her with embraces, Sao Sai comes, sure of his husband's authority: "Get up and come away, quick."

I don't want to, important with ministrations, but this tone is never to be denied; and I notice also a starting of other relatives from chairs. Sai hustles me towards the stairs.

"The doctors give him only a few more minutes. If he wants to die at home he must be carried there straight away. That won't be a pleasant sight, so hurry. Come, there is no use in looking at such things."

The heir, younger than the Sawbwa's four daughters, follows and asks urgently: "Could not my father last the journey to Lawksawk so that he may die among his own people?"

"No, no, the ambulance is waiting, and he will go to the Haw."

This is the modest house he has built in Taunggyi, in place of the old cavernous mansion. His son looks unconvinced. Though the Shan Sawbwas relinquished powers and revenues two years ago, by the desire of a Socialist-inspired government, they remain the Sawbwas to their people and their families.

We pause to head off cars which bring more inquiring relations, and then follow the half-mile to the Haw.

The ambulance is drawn up at the door, and immediately inside it is confusion. A staircase abuts right on the porch, and up and down it rush people to fetch things, throw things, catch things urgently demanded from within the closed ambulance. Jean has been living here in modern young-family style. Her husband an engineer, her son a toddler, her twin girls arriving so soon, her job as a school librarian given up, scurry and make-do most days with a couple of servants.

Now, with a dying Sawbwa on the doorstep, no wonder there is this flurry up and down the stairs to find the right kind of things. Cotton wool . . . rags . . . yes, surely. Sheets . . . yes, plenty. But they need a silk carpet first . . . it must be a silk carpet. . . . And blankets . . . no, not a woolen one . . . a velvet blanket. . . . And, Jean, they want a gold chain! No, not like this, Sao, not with a locket, long plain ones. . . .

Men pull furniture out of the sitting-room into the narrow hallway and put a bed in. More shouts and remonstrations: "Not a mug like this, I'm telling you! We need a silver bowl! A large one!"

Sao Kin Lay comes to my side and whispers, "Are they going to bathe him? Then he must be gone."

"Surely not, he is there in the ambulance still. No one has said a thing."

But the taps are running full in the downstairs bathroom. It is a corpse that we bathe, not a dying man, and Jean sobs out suddenly

with the realization, making obeisances vainly into the air, "My father has gone without my last respects!"

There is a rush of feet from the back rooms of the house. Lawksawk has long been a sad and dying court, first losing prosperity from the internecine wars of the pre-British period; then suffering an eclipse of splendor with the death of the old Chieftain during Japanese occupation, and the fires which burnt his palace; and finally losing all heart with the loss of the beautiful Mahadevi. So, it is mostly old women who rush out now. This is their saddest hour. They could see through shabbiness, beyond poverty, across empty walls, to the innate kingliness that resided in that squat body. But now their lord, their rice-giver has gone, and they sob in greatest distress.

"Have you gone, Your Worship? Have you left us? Where are we now? Whom do we turn to?"

The shaky old women follow each other through the door, wrinkles, tears, dismay on their faces; but in the arms of two of them are the twin boys, one apiece astraddle on ancient hips, but lovely, lovable, clear-skinned, succulent, plump, wide-eyed and unperturbed. Again, live beauty blooms in the shadows of this man's dark wooden pillars. . . .

We went home for a bath and quick supper. When we returned, the Sawbwa lay, not yet in state, but still on silken rugs and under velvet covers; his two thumbs bound together with a gold chain, his two big toes likewise; a gold coin on his mouth; his drinking water by his head, pictures turned to the wall, and the floor carpeted end to end for watchers to sit by. The doctors had come and injected him to keep him preserved while relatives gathered.

There was quiet and calm in the Haw now. The two sets of twins, plump uncles and winsome nieces, were sound asleep; the sobs of the old women were stilled, and in their place could be heard the kitchen choppers preparing next dawn's meals for the helpers who were already collecting.

And so Agnes, the eldest daughter and herself a Mahadevi of another state, arriving after seven hours hard driving from Mandalay, did not break the quiet with sobs but carried her mother's beauty silently in her weary, utterly resigned face, beauty enhanced as never before by her grief.

With her here, the family could begin to discuss whether to cable the children overseas, how long to wait, when and how to transport the corpse to Lawksawk. Agnes, who gives to each of her eight daughters an English name, like Fern, Ellaline, Charlotte, and Gladys, alongside their Shan names, lived for these other matters in the climate of the past. Communities object to an alien corpse crossing their areas and trailing ominous shadows. To her, communities were still only Shans with state fealties, and she worried intensely that her father, having died out of his state, would have to cross Yaunghwe State's villages to get home.

But next day the Lawksawk elders arrived and decided all. The Buddhist New Year was due, it was not good to keep a corpse over it; so interment should be on the Tuesday, a suitable day by all calculations.

"Only one week's lying in? And for a Sawbwa!" This was unheard of.

"But why such a rush? Our father lay for twenty months, and he saw more than one year out."

"But there was a reason."

"Yes, by Kengtung tradition the old Sawbwa is not buried till his successor is proclaimed. The British were in full control then, and for their own reasons withheld recognition from my brother, for two years they said. So father lay on."

"If I may respectfully submit an opinion, sir, this brought no good to Kengtung State."

"Yes, it is true my brother was assassinated before recognition came, and both had to be buried together."

So it was decided.

"And then, please, sir, the Haw in Lawksawk is too small to receive the funeral crowds."

That was sad indeed. He died without ever rebuilding his proper home. Poor modest man, so slow to act, so lost without his Mahadevi; modest to the last, never assuming, never uttering an unkind or tactless word. He would be taken to his state only on the funeral day. Pavilions would be built beside the tombs for the last offices, and he would be buried without re-entering his home.

But the shortness of the wake was made up for by its intensiveness. This thriving and congested cosmopolitan town, owing no

allegiance to him, spilled out its citizens to visit the Sawbwa, after office, after school, in the lunch-hour, after dinner, and before breakfast.

But none of its shops could supply the traditional grandeur. A short while before this, the Sawbwa's Kengtung mother-in-law had died. *Her* coffin had been encased in white velvet, on which delicately cut metal flowers covered with gold leaf were set in by skilled craftsmen of Kengtung taking twenty-one days to make, so how could our dead brother have anything fitting in seven days?

But grand or not, none of the symbols or steps must be omitted. Faithful old courtiers took over Jean's menage. One side of the driveway was cleared for parking cars; the other built over with a long bamboo pavilion. Here all the town could come for tea, cheroots, pickles, or sweets. Here also, an orchestra played. As we stopped our car the strains of the royal *sidaw* greeted us, sad in the peculiar Burmese way; for to us pomp and ceremonial are sad, perhaps in the dormant memories they stir of those deprived of pomp by a swordsman's stroke in the days of kings long ago; perhaps by the realization of their transitoriness, which sense is the real spring of poignancy.

But suddenly this music changed. A full jubilance of all the instruments tinkled, clapped, shouted, sang, and resounded as we went in.

In the chamber an ornate bed had been put. A canopy of white nylon in frills and flounces covered it, hung all around with gold and silver banyan leaves, not real gold nor real silver, but tinsel, light; yet effectively pretty, sufficiently evocative of pagoda bells and splendor associated with divine sanction. Umbrellas, white, gold and red—how surprising that mixtures of more frothy nylon, lacquer, and old oiled silk went so pleasingly—these festive umbrellas flanked the bed head and foot. The silk covers were bright red and green, no chaste white. A big red lacquered rod rammed the bed through from end to end, and under this the coffin rested, enormous, gilt, giving to the Sawbwa in his last sleep the full height he must have desired all his life, for he stretched out now as long, even, as his renowned father who had been fierce enough warrior to stick the heads of rebellious tribesmen on the pediments of his palace walls as warning to all.

Every day, especially at evening time, the house overflowed; all

rooms, passages and staircases too, filled with people sitting or standing. The Sawbwa's brothers-in-law, easy with their aristocratic origins, rarely came in to take seats of honor, stoop, laughing, joking, sometimes with antics, drinking whisky and comparing the merits of their parked cars.

We invariably sat in the carpeted room, a great contrast. On the first day silent or whispering. A day later mild jokes to lighten the wait, but still a painful effort holding jaws back from laughing widely in appreciation. Then the gambling at night started, to make it possible for some to stay awake all night. A day later talk and laughter came naturally.

It continued as the servant brought in a tray with the Sawbwa's meal and set it beside his dead master. He uncovered the dishes, poured drinking water, and as new plaintive music started from outside he fanned gently with a fan of peacock's feathers. After fifteen minutes of this, he backed out with the tray, returned with tea which he poured out, and cheroots and matches.

The tray was enamelled tin, the china plain utility. Yet symbols suffice for our people. No one in that crowd questioned that this man was as much a Sawbwa as my father-in-law who, lying under tier upon tier of magnificent canopies, during each day for twenty long months, had his meals served by his fair daughters in turn—no servant being good enough—on a table of carved silver, set with cups and dishes of solid gold, and lit by a giant taper before which the sad princess bent as she waved the fan gently to and fro.

But this short wake was soon over. The seventh day rose fine and clear. We decided to drive ahead of the cortege. It would be a pleasant trip for us, for the forty-six miles to Lawksawk was now good road, tarred by the Army who had set up a military town beside it; and we invited Pete, our American friend, to join us.

"Will I not be intruding?"

"Heavens no! There is no such idea with us. The more people go, the better the bereaved ones like it."

Foolish Westerner's sensitivities persisted. . . . "It seems not decent to go out of curiosity or just for a trip."

"Will you believe us, Pete. No one expects you to feel sad, so for what other reasons could you be going, except to please Jean by your attendance?"

The drive took us across a flat stretch of plain, its extensiveness rare in these Shan hill regions. I could understand why the young heir had sometimes shown what appeared to us undue confidence about his future. Had it not been for a Union government which put an end to feudal rule, he would now have become lord of all these acres.

Lawksawk was an old and powerful principality in Burmese history, and, approaching it from this end, one could understand that also. After forty-odd miles of straight road, we swooped around a bend and faced abruptly a miniature canyon, not grim enough to dispel the smiling nature of this drive, but with its humped further bank good enough for defense. The bends continued rapidly four or five times, and then we entered straight into the beautiful Lawksawk valley, suddenly open right before our eyes. Across the wide plain the eye leapt to blue hills whose peaks were topped, exactly as one expects peaks to be crowned, with great white massed spires among their thickly clumped foliage. The rest was lost in mystery and in distant loveliness.

Everything necessary to a capital was there as we crossed the valley. Fertile rice fields, a great banyan tree sentinel to the town; further guard provided by the Zawgyi River, a narrow stream that coiled around and again in a curve which enclosed the series of mounds forming Lawksawk town, like a heaven-filled moat. All this spelled a kingdom in the past, but today Lawksawk town consisted of one main street a couple of hundred yards long and a few lanes of villagers' houses.

We turned into the old royal town, and that did not disappoint us. No buildings except for a few small ones for school, for state officials, and for Sawbwa's relatives. But the remains of the old brick walls, the red roads ploughing deep through the dust, the old pagodas dating back eight or nine centuries, the vast enclosure in which had stood the old Chief's palace and where jungle was fast growing now, these were enough for us.

Standing on one of the prominences and looking back towards the entrance into the valley, the beauty that we saw made us silent. And so did the consciousness of its history. With our ravaging weather, our destructive exploits of the past, our building for per-

manence only those buildings which will continue the torch of Buddhism long after each poor mortal has left his pitiful accumulations of wealth, we can rarely become conscious of our past by man-made structures standing to remind us. It is Nature, only, which must remind us; the geographical formation of this or that place which made its history and which remains after all is destroyed; the face of which, being now bared, makes its events plain to read. Again and again has this consciousness come to me. It came when I stood at Mandalay and saw its site as the crossroads of all the land and water routes to the four corners of Burma, and understood, without the fabled palaces, why it had been the "Center of the Universe." In Lawksawk now it visited me again.

The cortege still not being in sight, we went to look at the military town. What a contrast to Lawksawk's softened decay. A mile away from the red village, the metal roads cut clear and uncompromising, signs posted everywhere, new bungalows, barracks; trim, orderly; green lawns, water towers, and motorized units. The Army with its corps of educated, hard-working and patriotic officers, would be the vanguard of our entry into the modern world.

The cortege was due. We returned and changed into all-white clothes. The men told us to wait at the monastery while they escorted the coffin on foot.

The monastery was a massive wooden pile, still holding together its beautiful old components, though for how much longer one could not say, before it tottered into decayed timber. Its grounds were full of milling people, from every Lawksawk house, from the army lines, from all the villages in the 2196 square miles of Lawksawk territory. They were eating the free food served without stop under the big banyans which shaded the cleared circumference of the monastery grounds.

We went to the bamboo dining hall nearby. Here everyone who was of any consequence or affluence from Taunggyi and neighboring big towns had driven and were seated at tables and chairs. An impressive Chinese meal was being served from the steaming iron pans under the trees; little boys in Boy Scout uniforms ran in and out between waiters and put down opened bottles of fizzy drinks, a bevy of girls threaded *their* way through the little boys with trays

of green Shan tea, and some youths in Shan homespun carried drinking water in enamel urns topped by a communal lacquer cup from table to table.

The meal turned out to be delicious. I wished I had sat at the next table where some relatives were eating heartily. Now with admirably controlled ladies from Taunggyi I had to hold appetite back like a decorous funeral guest.

After this we were shown into the monastery. I was struck by the attitude of the Lawksawk elders who arranged all this. They seemed anxious to spare Agnes and all of us modern creatures the physical discomforts of the ceremonies. Kengtung, which was a generation behind in relaxing its customs, would have assumed that it was our privilege to undergo every part of the ritual, rigors and all. After a long long wake, we would by now have been walking from the entrance of the valley with the coffin, all holding on to a long white cotton cloth which would keep us in line and set the same tortuous pace for all. We still expected to do part of this, but here we were in the cool dimness of the monastery, eating pickles, drinking Shan tea, and chatting. When they called us at one o'clock, we found to our surprise that we were being hustled to the very last rites.

Even then an elder ran and implored us to go by car, the sun being hot, but this time we held firm. From all sides now the crowds were converging on the bamboo structure at the top of the mound. Though most of them were in working clothes, their numbers and combined pedestrian movements seen from the treeless slope still suggested a great occasion.

Is it because we are under-populated, is it because we lack material wealth, that in the context of our country-side traditions it is the human crowd which makes the festival, more so than lights, colors, structures or what have you, which may or may not be there? The grandeur of a man is measured by the size of a crowd he assembles; judged like this, the Lawksawk Sawbwa was having a truly grand end. Seven days' spread of news had been enough to gather a mighty crowd pushing towards the top of the mound. People in ordinary Shan and Burmese clothes like ours, hill tribes in various outfits of black and bright splashes, soldiers in uniform, Indian

cattle-communities, and little buffalo-urchins in semi-nakedness, all toiled up the hill.

Now we entered the most beautiful part of the funeral. It had been baking hot on the slope, and then this structure greeted us, cool, bamboo poles and thatch, not cheap matting. On the earthen floor thick piles of clean straw; over that thick mats, fine at the front and coarsening away backwards. The thatch roof was low, but the tent was enormously spacious and airy. In front of us, raised on a bamboo dais six inches higher, sat a hundred or more monks in saffron robes. Behind them was the only closed end of the structure, a screen made all of thatch, with light entering between the tufts. Everything smelled of this thatch, of fresh-cut bamboo, and of clean earth. Before the monks the offerings were piled, not arranged artistically as one could expect in a more organized function than this one; but piled in profusion they looked all the more: robes, towels, umbrellas, slippers, spittoons, stores, for each of sixty-seven monks. The completeness of this type of expenditure—to give to as many monks as one has lived years, all their needs, which are basic and regulated—makes further grandeur pointless.

The place filled rapidly. The surging hordes took seats behind us with no doubt as to who sat where. Late-comers among the mobs jostled in and laughed at their stumbling, sure that none of the family, though feeling grief imminent again, expected from them a solemnity they did not feel. There was noise all over; little cow-herds outside the thatch lifted tufts to see the better and were roared at by the Sawbwa's cousin, an ex-Army officer: "Get away, you young rascals! This is not your show!" Jean smiled quietly and said, "We need someone like him to handle naughty people."

The noise increased and so did the surging, pushing us till we were tightly packed. The drums could now be heard, louder and louder, the thumping deepened and resounded, the tempo increased, the low roof bore down on our ears, urgent shouts came closer, calling, "This way! Heave! More, more! Hey!" Panic, expectancy, death, finality, doom in the air, all came nearer for those who listened, amidst the jostling which still went on; and then with a great clash of cymbals he was carried in, lancers, umbrella-bearers, pennant carriers, all furling their standards and coming in, directed

this way and that by the ex-major, without detracting one whit from the solemnity for those who felt solemn, and adding to the curiosity of those who gaped at the show.

Flowers had been handed to us to hold during the prayers; also yellow and saffron rice to hold, but nobody knew for how long or why; we looked at each other and giggled a little at our ignorance.

The prayers were the shortest on record. As soon as they were over, the heir, guided by an elderly hand, knelt and presented each different offering to the senior monk in the regular way. He proffered it respectfully and got it acknowledged by a touch of the monk's hand, an act which can be performed only by males, even when the real donor is a woman. But before he had quite finished, well-meaning people were already directing the carrying out of the huge coffin, umbrella-bearers, lancers, pennants also, directed again by the ex-major. My brothers-in-laws rushed to be among the pall-bearers, my husband clicked his cameras. And by the time the son and heir had finished his ritual, the coffin was already at the grave twenty yards away. Those who ran in its wake must have got there with it. We were shut off by crowds pressing forward, Sai saying, "It's no use, some of the people are very dirty. Don't try to go, wait patiently here."

The heir wandered out looking lost, no one paying heed to him. He pressed slowly but determinedly through, without asking for special way, and with a sister-in-law I did the same.

Old voices behind us said, "Please, those who have stood long enough, give other eyes a chance also."

But there was nothing to see.

An open trench, in it the masons bricking up the coffin, across the trench perched precariously on the pile of loose dug earth Agnes, with her eight daughters and sister and brother. Soldiers, cowherds, and cultivators pressed round them. Little whispers from my sister-in-law came to me: "How odd . . . they should have marked out an area round the grave."

I called across then to the son, "Sao Sai Long, won't you ask someone to clear the crowd to make the last paying of respects easier?"

He woke; for an instant the mantle of all the Lawksawk Sawbwas descended on the playboy that he was, and squaring his

shoulders he called with authority, without shouting: "Stand back there, we want a clear space." At once people took up his words, so eager in their obedience, and in a second the space was clear; no cordon, the front people teetering on the invisible line with pressure from behind.

We knelt to pay respects; the last brick was in; with no guns, no more ceremony, the Sawbwa was laid to rest; and the crowd dispersed quickly down the hill.

The chauffeurs of all the cars had driven up to the mound to save their employer's legs. We waved ours away and walked. The air was cool, the people disappearing; the winding of the River Zawgyi across the plain made blue-green clumps on the pale ground again and again between us and the far hills.

"Isn't it beautiful, Sai?"

The little wild flowers and sprouting buds had not been crushed by those thousands of feet, and I could still gather a fresh and delicate bunch.

We had our Kengtung brother with us and found a side track which brought us back to the dining shed. The tables were already packed away, the cooks had washed up, the crates of pop bottles were being loaded onto a lorry, the bamboo posts being dismantled. I could not help saying, "People have remarked about how this whole funeral has been rushed through. The procession was scheduled to start at two but he is buried now and it is just two."

The Kengtung brother had been closest to the Mahadevi and Sawbwa, and I felt at once I should not have spoken; he might be hurt; why must I always speak, why not be completely acquiescent like others? But there was the purest laughter in our brother's voice and his smile was all good as he replied, "Yes, he who was always so slow and so diffident; we have made him brisk today. Let us hope we have given him confidence and that he will be quicker in his next existence."

Three Poems from the Hungarian Underground

■ Among the thousands of prisoners of the Communist regime in Hungary during the last decade were many poets. Despite the censorship and brutality of their captors, these authors, working clandestinely, wrote a poetic record of the ordeal and the hopes of their generation and their country. Some served as slave laborers in the coal mines; some were tortured by the AVO; all knew starvation and suffering; many died. In that week in 1956 when a popular revolt overthrew the Communist government, the survivors were freed. After the suppression of the uprising many escaped. Now, in Vienna, a group of these writers publishes a journal, *Nemzetör*. Its editor, the poet Tibor Tollas, has collected the prison poetry of the Hungarian underground and this fall will publish there an anthology containing English versions of these poems. In his preface to *Gloria Victis* Mr. Tollas writes:

> During the days of the Freedom Fight a miracle took place in the streets of Budapest, in every village in Hungary . . . just as we had come to live it in prison: freedom, human solidarity, forgiveness, and the superhuman miracle of love. . . . We realized only in the open prison gate that the nation was always one with us, the nation was imprisoned too.
>
> This volume . . . appears abroad in place of a headstone to raise an eternal obelisk to the memory of our fellow poet Gérecz Attila.

Working from literal translations (I know no Hungarian), I have made English versions of three of these poems. They had of necessity to be free adaptations; I have tried to find equivalents in our idiom for the feelings in the original poems by Gérecz Attila, Szarkay Istvan, and Mélyek Mélyén.

DANIEL G. HOFFMAN

Was

My neighbor. From his mouth
Eloquently blood runs, saying
He has a few days still to retch,
His gasping's not done yet. Some,
Seeing their image in his glassy eye
Will ask, pitying,
'How long did he . . . ?' —'Seven?';
Not even a cross to mark the grave. . . .

What's such a life? His destiny
Crowned with a cairn was not
Bettered by many, he who left
No family. An older man now,
His flesh stripped as youth's desires
Are gobbled beneath the cairn,
May serve as headstone.

After "Fuit"
By GÉRECZ ATTILA

I Saw It Yesterday While Walking

Whose are those Titan boots
Make their earth shudder?
If the sky falls
In the lightning's glare
Which way the road?
Two ants, orphaned, spin, and flee
In senseless terror.

Once, violent, bronze-sandalled,
Angry gods strode forth,
—All Rome spun with terror.

After "Tegnap Sétán Láttam"
By SZARKAY ISTVAN

In the Depths: Vorkutai

The world's black. Throbs. A lull.
The current's cut. No sound.
My caged heart's laboring boom and swell
Tolls deep underground,

My eyes squint wide in seven-years' dark.
Love, come to me one week—
Could you bear this but seven days
You'd curse stars for our sake

—A miner's lamp yellows my face;
With peasant and clerk I sprawl,
Companions in this fated place
Shadowed on cavern wall—

Your slender hands would stiffen blue,
Your slim waist starve and swell.
If seven awakenings found you here
You'd know enough of Hell;

You'd see in seven day's darkness here
A faith harder than stone:
Who proves a man here will endure.
One light shines, though no dawn.

Wild and dirty's the beard I wear;
My dear, could your clear eyes
See these sweat-stained, bloodied rags,
These bruised hands, would you cry?

Though the body is battered and broken, love
An old shoe down at the heel,
Through tunnelled murk the cleanly soul
Shines bright as beaten steel.

My eyes still smile the way we smiled
When your hands held my brow—
O, I am still your one true man
—Love, would you have me now?

After "Vorkutai" (1950)
By A. Mélyek Mélyén

Liberalism in the Fifties: The Travail of Redefinition

By BERNARD STERNSHER

■ As the New Deal liberals groped to find their function in postwar America, descriptions of their plight, as well as advice, came from many quarters. Two earnest examinations of the liberals' condition appeared in connection with the Eisenhower-Stevenson contest of 1952. Joseph C. Harsch, veteran Washington observer for the *Christian Science Monitor*, contributed an article, "Are Liberals Obsolete?," to the September 30, 1952, issue of *The Reporter*. Eric F. Goldman, eminent historian of American reform and contemporary America, wrote "The American Liberal: After the Fair Deal, What?" for the June 23, 1953, issue of the same periodical.

Harsch attributed the New Deal-Fair Deal liberals' distressing situation to the deep frustrations of men who had already achieved their goals. These reformers, having "persuaded a majority of the American voters, and both of the major political parties, that the prevention of mass unemployment and great depressions is a responsibility of the national government," had worked themselves out of a job. But, beyond the field of experimentation in political economics, the liberals had more to do than ever.

Before addressing themselves to new tasks, the liberals, Harsch noted, needed to break away from their dogmatism. The young liberals of the early New Deal were not dogmatic, but over the years

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their "clamorous disunity" had yielded to a body of accepted doctrine—a theology with a hierarchy of saints and devils: FEPC and Keynes were good; Taft-Hartley and Chiang Kai-shek were bad. And loyalty to the aspirations of minority groups and organized labor was the litmus-like test of liberalism as expounded by the Americans for Democratic Action. Harsch specifically stressed the need for the liberals to re-examine their ties with organized labor.

Indeed, it was necessary for the liberals to re-examine their role in the Democratic Party, Harsch advised. He considered the nomination of the pragmatic Adlai Stevenson a clear indication that the self-styled liberal was "neither wanted nor needed in the posts of leadership and policymaking on the national stage." Stevenson's employment for special purposes of several bright young liberals such as Wilson Wyatt and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. did not alter this conclusion because it did not represent an alliance with the "formalized movement."

It was high time, Harsch declared, that the true liberal abandon his concentration on problems of political economics and devote his energy to other, neglected areas. The liberals' immediate task was "not to stake out any more distant frontiers but to see to the sound building of life within the existing frontiers." The nation needed not reformers but "administrators and consolidators."

Detailing his prescription, Harsch placed the defense of liberty against "intolerance and the compulsion toward mental conformity and uniformity" first on his list. Next, he asked whether all of our communities were free from "local tyranny, exploitation, injustice, and corruption." A third suggestion was that liberals, after making laws for twenty years, shift their concern to the efficient and fair administration of the law. Finally, Harsch identified as the "present danger to the livelihood of the individual" such a mismanagement of our resources as would undermine the New Dealers' best accomplishments and "make the present system unworkable."

Eric Goldman, like Harsch, noted the frustration of the New Deal liberals. He described them as "intelligent, well-informed, public spirited, and miserable." They had reached this state only a few years after the closing stages of World War II, when the American liberal had the "confidence of a man who believed he was riding with history, . . . the centuries-old world trend toward democracy,

social reform, and internationalism." In 1944 and 1945 the liberals' confidence rose with the assumption that the United States would be powerful after the war. For this was a United States which, Goldman—like Harsch—remarked, had accepted the New Dealers' insistence on the use of governmental powers to "widen economic and social opportunities and to buttress personal security." Moreover, this was a United States which was ready to commit itself to internationalism and the United Nations.

The liberals' troubles came with "jolting rapidity." On the international scene, the nations "began rushing into the kind of blocs that threatened to squeeze liberalism into irrelevancy." At home, the Cold War created "an atmosphere that made liberalism seem irrelevant, or worse than irrelevant, to millions" as Senator McCarthy enjoyed a field day. To add to the liberals' troubles, the New Conservatives perfected their formula, deploring McCarthyism while attributing its rise to liberal folly.

Reeling under these blows, the liberals turned "in a kind of desperate fervor" to Adlai Stevenson. It will be recalled that in Harsch's judgment the liberals' love for Stevenson which Goldman described was unrequited. In any event, Stevenson's defeat in 1952 left the liberals, in Goldman's words, "shaken and forlorn," without "confidence that long-run trends necessarily guaranteed liberalism anything."

The liberals' rethinking, Goldman noted, had to be done "amid the shock of losing the old landmarks and more than a little hand-wringing defeatism." This rethinking, nevertheless, was underway. But Goldman was not overly sanguine about any sudden liberal reformation. New emphases, he pointed out, were "emerging slowly, half-formulated and tentative." They reflected another swing—toward liberty—in the cycle which had long marked the history of liberalism—oscillation between social problems and liberty. Liberals, Goldman maintained, saw clearly the threat of Communism and rightist groups to freedom around the world, and of "indiscriminate and fanatical anti-radicalism" to freedom at home.

Like Harsch, Goldman asserted that a reappraisal by the liberals of their ties with organized labor was in order. He pointed out that industrial labor, the farmers, and the minorities were the "pathetically disadvantaged" groups for whom the liberals had fought

gallantly in the 1930's, but by 1952 most of organized labor and the farmers were no longer in that category. The liberals could best devote their attention to the problems of the minorities and of the middle class, a variegated group which included many of the liberals themselves. Unlike Harsch, Goldman detected among the liberals a decided lessening of ardor for organized labor and agriculture. But the liberals were moving "only slowly, and often sidewise" toward a confrontation of the problems of the middle classes.

Goldman agreed with Harsch's contention that mismanagement of our resources would undermine the New Dealers' best accomplishments. The liberal, he asserted, had "finally to face the fact that the more numerous and the more powerful the regulatory agencies he creates, the more damage the agencies can do to his purposes when in the hands of conservatives, incompetents, or corruptionists." In other words, Goldman asserted, carrying his analysis deeper than Harsch's, liberals, for the first time in decades, were reflecting on the nature of man. Now doubting the doctrines of man's inherent goodness and perfectability, they were reading the neo-Calvinist works of Reinhold Niebuhr.

Goldman also noted that the liberals' increasing wariness about the process of centralizing power was causing them to consider regional and state possibilities in fields where local action was practical—especially FEPC, aid to education, and medical insurance. Goldman's observation that the liberals were turning to local devices due to their misgivings about federal instruments complemented Harsch's advice to the liberals that they take action on the local front which they had neglected.

Goldman diverged most widely from Harsch in identifying the liberals' emphasis on international affairs as the "cardinal point" in their recent thinking. Harsch, of course, confined his comments to the domestic scene. Goldman found the liberals "swinging to a policy that is soundly chosen"—their insistence that the global clash be viewed in three aspects: Soviet aggressiveness; an opposing American-led bloc; and underdeveloped areas undergoing social revolution. The liberals favored building up defenses against the Russians, and they were willing, if necessary, to condone alignments with reactionaries. But they wanted the United States firmly on the side of non-Soviet-dominated social revolutions.

Goldman concluded that, except for its "near-encouragement" of social revolutions in the underdeveloped areas, the liberals' program of the 1950's was more conservative than its immediate predecessors. Consciously or otherwise, liberalism seemed to be turning into a "holding action." It was striving to prevent the Cold War from becoming an East-West vise that "would crush liberalism everywhere." At home, its emphasis on the preservation of liberty was a fight to "maintain free avenues of thought and action, the only kind of avenues generally favorable to the movement and the only ones that can lead to fresh formulas." Goldman's "holding action" paralleled Harsch's call for the "sound building of life within the existing frontiers."

In the year of the second Eisenhower-Stevenson contest, in the April 7, 1956, issue of *The Nation*, which paid tribute to FDR on the eleventh anniversary of his death, Editor Carey McWilliams contributed an editorial, "Taps for the 1930's," which represented self-criticism in the liberal camp. McWilliams conceded the accuracy of the accusation that liberalism suffered from "an acute case of nostalgia," that the liberals were "motivated more by an unacknowledged desire to recapture the elation of the 'great days' of the 1930's . . . than by a determination to chart new courses."

McWilliams gave several reasons, at some length, for this nostalgia. If he could explain the liberals' clinging to the "great days" to his satisfaction, he did not approve of it. "The past," he concluded, "can never be relived—even in reverie." He counseled pride in their achievements on the part of the New Deal liberals and honor to the memory of FDR. But FDR belonged to history, and "the time has come to cease looking homeward and to walk down corridors that lead to the future." Although McWilliams did not specify the nature of those corridors, his comments referred to the same postwar predicament of the liberals which Harsch and Goldman had discussed four years earlier.

It is difficult contemporaneously to assess American liberalism's reaction to its dilemma by surveying the movement as a whole. It may be useful to trace the thinking of a leading liberal through the postwar years. The choice of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. as the prototype seems appropriate for several reasons. His generation does not

have adult memories of the 1930's, but, as a historian, Schlesinger has enjoyed an unsurpassed vicarious experience of that decade (he dedicated *The Crisis of the Old Order* to Reinhold Niebuhr, whose works, Goldman noted, have lately attracted liberals' attention). He has been active in the ADA, which Harsch described as the stronghold of nostalgic doctrinaire attitudes. He has recently left the role of observer for actual involvement in public affairs. And he has published frequently, giving the analyst something to work with.

Schlesinger's concern with international affairs and the Communist threat, foreign and domestic, became apparent in the immediate postwar period. In the years 1946-1952 he contributed articles on foreign affairs to *The Atlantic*, *American Mercury*, *New Republic*, and the *Foreign Policy Bulletin*. He wrote an article, "The American Communist Party," for *Life* (July 29, 1946) in which he identified the CPUSA as the agent of a foreign power. The main theme of his book, *The Vital Center: The Politics of Freedom* (Houghton Mifflin, 1949) was "the problem of protecting the liberal faith from Communism."

Continuing the "fundamental enterprise of re-examination and self-criticism" of liberalism which he had begun in *The Vital Center*, Schlesinger contributed "Which Road for the Democracts?" to the January 20, 1953, issue of *The Reporter*. Analyzing Stevenson's defeat, he agreed with Harsch that the successful New Dealers had worked themselves out of a job, and he seconded Harsch's description of Stevenson as a pragmatist—Stevenson knew better than any other Democrat that the issues of the 1930's were no longer appealing. Schlesinger also anticipated Goldman's conclusion that the liberals faced the necessity of an agonizing reappraisal of their program, and he lauded Stevenson as the man who best understood this difficult task.

Schlesinger took time out from his re-examination of liberalism to launch a counter-attack against "The New Conservatism: Politics of Nostalgia" in *The Reporter* of June 16, 1955. The New Conservatives' nostalgia, Schlesinger charged, went back much farther than the 1930's. They attempted to transplant to the United States the philosophy of aristocratic British conservatism, which, in turn, represented the "distillation and the legacy of centuries of British experience, including particularly the centuries of feudalism."

The United States, Schlesinger wrote, had no feudal system; therefore it could have no feudal tradition (a thesis which Schlesinger's Harvard colleague Louis Hartz developed, also in 1955, in *The Liberal Tradition in America*, Harcourt, Brace). We had no aristocracy in the British sense, resting on land, tradition, and a sense of social responsibility. Our upper classes were a plutocracy based on the "folding stuff." Conservatism based on land is "committed to permanence in a community and is responsive to social motives." Conservatism based on money is "fickle, selfish, and irresponsible." The New Conservatives were "so romantic as to suppose that American businessmen, after reading a few edifying tracts, are going to start behaving like the British landed gentry." Thus, the New Conservatism was "severed from the American reality" and was "essentially the politics of nostalgia."

Schlesinger's article provoked a number of replies, including a rejoinder from the New Conservative spokesman Russell Kirk, which appeared in *The Reporter* of August 11, 1955. It is not appropriate to our purpose here to consider this debate. It is pertinent to note that the article by Schlesinger just cited indicated what the liberals were against but not what they were for. In his next encounter with Kirk, Schlesinger took a positive stance.

The New York *Times Magazine* of March 4, 1956, presented "Conservative vs. Liberal—A Debate," with these subtitles: "Mr. Kirk: The Aim of the Conservative Is to Keep the Best in Life" and "Mr. Schlesinger: The Liberal Wants to Change Life and to Improve It." Schlesinger did not find the difference between liberals and conservatives in their beliefs about human nature or their attitudes toward the role of the state. Nor did the distinction lie in the questions of civil freedom and private property. Citing the positions of both liberals and conservatives in these areas through American history, Schlesinger found "ambiguity and even interchangeability," which suggested the "large measure of common ground occupied by liberals and conservatives alike."

The essential distinction developed within this consensus. The liberal accepted the inevitability of change, and he believed that the application of human intelligence to social and economic problems could control change for the betterment of society. He did not regard human reason as an "infallible or incorruptible instrument," but he

insisted that the "margin of gain, however limited, is worth the effort." Conservatism's defense of "the actual state of things," Schlesinger averred, raised two questions: Was there enough injustice, poverty, and repression to warrant efforts at reform? Could man frame remedial social programs which would not be worse than the ailment? The liberal answered "Yes" to these questions. As an idealist, he could not sleep tranquilly while others suffered or starved or lacked opportunity. As a realist, he understood that the historic function of reform was the prevention of social violence.

If Schlesinger's rationale for the liberals' basic position was positive, it was also general. Two months later he wrote an article which showed that he was formulating a specific rationale for a liberal program for the 1950's. *The Reporter* of May 3, 1956, presented "A Debate: The Future of Liberalism," between Schlesinger and Max Ascoli, editor of that periodical. "The Challenge of Abundance" was Schlesinger's contribution.

The middle classes, Schlesinger noted, did not respond to the rhetoric of the liberalism of the 1930's because it did not have the answer to their discontent. The New Dealers' attitudes and policies had expressed *quantitative liberalism* which dealt with "immediate problems of subsistence and survival." This liberalism, on the whole, had been successful. Ironically, its very success made it currently irrelevant, for it had laid the foundations for a new age of abundance in America in which our malaise was spiritual rather than economic. The job of *quantitative liberalism* was not finished—there was still significant poverty to be fought—but "the issues of 1956 are no longer the issues of 1933."

It was time, Schlesinger declared, for a new liberalism to shift its emphasis and address itself to the "miseries of an age of abundance," to be as alert and courageous and uninhibited in identifying present problems as the New Dealers had been. America now needed a *qualitative liberalism* "dedicated to bettering the quality of people's lives and opportunities." It was time to accept, absorb, and respect the triumphs of the New Deal and move on to the subtle and difficult problem of battling for "individual dignity, identity, and fulfillment in a mass society." The necessities of living were no longer at stake; the issues of 1956 involved improvement of education, medical care, opportunities for minorities, city planning, housing, care for the sick

and aged, freedom of expression, mass media, and popular culture. These issues made the difference "between defeat and opportunity, between frustration and fulfillment, in the everyday lives of average persons." They had to do with the quality of civilization amid growing abundance and leisure.

Qualitative liberalism, Schlesinger cautioned, was neither cheap nor painless. It required just as much governmental initiative, taxation, and spending as *quantitative liberalism*. But it demanded a different mood and approach, and it required national action rather than the local action which, according to Harsch and Goldman, was now tempting liberals. It called for the abandonment of the "old anti-business exhortations" of the 1930's and the making of a subtler point—"that government by a single interest is bad, whatever the nature of that interest." Stated positively, a liberal program directed to the qualitative discontents of the 1950's required the development of a "philosophy of the public interest to be asserted against the parochial interests of any special group."

The translation of this new spirit into a legislative program would involve fiscal policy, the means of rectifying the imbalance which found the nation "richer than ever before and getting richer every moment, and yet devoting a *decreasing* share of its wealth to the public welfare." The production of consumer goods for profit had attained "a sort of moral priority in our culture." Following the false idea that the unrestrained pursuit of profit would guarantee the general welfare, we neglected our schools, hospitals, cities, roads, parks, playgrounds, natural resources, law enforcement, and welfare—our public domain.

We were becoming richer as individuals while letting the national plant on which our future largely depended run down. There was, Schlesinger declared, no financial limitation which required the deterioration of the public sector of our national life. Given the continuation of our present rate of economic growth and levels of taxation, each ten-billion-dollar increment to national income would yield an additional three billion of revenue. The issue was "whether these gains of economic progress should be invested in the welfare of a few or in the general welfare."

Schlesinger concluded his article with brief comments on freedom and foreign affairs. Freedom meant equal rights and equality

of opportunity for minority groups and the restoration, with the demise of the "nonsense" of McCarthyism, of the Bill of Rights to its "central position in our theory of society." Foreign affairs, the issues of peace and war, would, of course, "far overshadow problems of justice and polity at home" for some time to come. But domestic and foreign affairs were inseparable. We could not convincingly champion progress and freedom abroad if we kicked them around at home.

Finally, Schlesinger exhorted American liberalism to display its historic vitality which lay in its capacity to define new problems and accept new challenges. The "travail of redefinition," he conceded, took time, but the first step in the process of rethinking was recognition that the challenges of the 1950's were essentially different from the challenges of the 1930's. This process, however, could not be completed "until the burden of responsibility gives thought the final instinct for reality." Schlesinger was looking ahead four years to the next presidential election.

An article by Schlesinger, "Where Does the Liberal Go from Here?" appeared in the New York *Times Magazine* of August 4, 1957. This piece was a restatement of the distinction between the *quantitative liberalism* of the 1930's and the *qualitative liberalism* of the 1950's. On March 11, 1958, Schlesinger wrote a brief letter to the editor of the New York *Times*. This missive again asserted that we had to choose between consumer goods and the nation's needs. In the early summer of 1958, Houghton Mifflin published *The Affluent Society* by John Kenneth Galbraith, who rejected the "conventional wisdom" which assumed that all profit-yielding enterprises produced wealth and that government expenditures were wasteful. This was a stifling double standard, Galbraith maintained as he expounded at length the case for *qualitative liberalism*, for the allocation of a greater portion of national income to the public sector.

The Affluent Society sold about 100,000 copies—an amazing total for a work by an academic economist. Meanwhile, its ideas provoked what Edwin L. Dale, Jr., reporting from Washington in the New York *Times* of February 7, 1960, called the "Great Debate in Capital: Is U.S. Misusing Its Wealth?" In the *Times* of March 13, 1960, Dale analyzed the "Big Debate: Public versus Private Spending." The discussions which Dale recounted did not satisfy his col-

league James Reston, who, also in the *Times* of the same date, called upon the leaders of both major political parties to discuss the basic philosophical, economic, political, and moral issues involved in the allocation of resources. Similarly, Barbara Ward, in the New York *Times Magazine* of May 8, 1960, complained about "The Great Silence in the Great Debate," deploring widespread apathy towards the question of private versus public spending which she considered the issue of transcendent importance facing the free world.

Despite these misgivings, discussion of Galbraith's ideas produced a ream of literature in each of several areas beside the debate concerning the inner consistency and empirical validity of Galbraith's thesis itself.

In his column of March 9, 1960, Walter Lippmann, seconding Schlesinger, contended that we could meet the challenge of public needs with only a slight increase in the share of national income spent by the government—if we could bring the annual *growth rate of the economy* up to 4.7 per cent. Thus, the question of allocation of resources tied in with the problem of economic growth, and this problem was taken up by a roster of commentators and analysts, including candidates Kennedy and Nixon, so long—and it is still growing—that we could not begin to list them here.

In June, 1960, W. Allen Wallis, Special Assistant to President Eisenhower, held that those who argued that growth would provide more funds for federal spending also pointed to federal spending as the way to growth. Thus, the question of growth tied in doubly with the issue of *collectivism*—collective public, or governmental, action—the subject of a debate whose manifestations in print would fill a long library shelf. Suffice it to say that works by Schlesinger and Senator Barry Goldwater appeared simultaneously on the best-seller lists in 1960 and that in late 1961 Henry Regnery, the conservative publishing house, advertised, "If you've read Galbraith and Schlesinger—you owe it to yourself to read *Prosperity through Freedom* by Lawrence Fertig."

Finally, the question of allocation of resources raised issues which transcended the realm of economic and political means. In the last analysis the relative amounts of steel which we allocated to schools, tail fins, and missiles had to do with ends and philosophical values, with the kind of a society we wanted to be. In January, 1960, Walter

Lippmann took issue with Raymond Saulnier, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who remarked, "As I understand our economy, its ultimate purpose is to produce more consumer goods." Lippmann replied, "The object of our economy is . . . to use the wealth and power which our economy can produce to support the national purposes which we so frequently proclaim." Thus, the question of allocation of resources tied in with the searching, endless discussion of the *national purpose*, which, in turn, brought us back to the question of collectivism—if we decided that a collective sense of purpose were desirable, could we attain our goals with noncollective means?

There was one national purpose on which Americans, of course, were in agreement—survival. This necessary purpose led us to consider the allocation of resources in the Soviet Union, which devoted a larger percentage of a smaller product to armaments. Could we, President Eisenhower asked in his "Farewell Address," compete with the Russians, with their centralized allocation of resources, without becoming like them? "Can We Prosper Without Arms?" Seymour Harris inquired in the New York *Times Magazine* of November 8, 1959. Were liberty and efficiency mutually exclusive? Could democracy, asked Edward Crankshaw in the New York *Times Magazine* (December 25, 1960) and Charles Murphy in *Life* (December 26, 1960) compete with dictatorship?

We have moved in somewhat whirlwind fashion from Schlesinger to Galbraith to the "Great Debates" on public policy of our time. The sound and fury to which we have alluded as counterweights to the misgivings of James Reston and Barbara Ward suggest that the liberals had not only seized a bear by the tail but that they had also created an issue. On the other hand, we might ask, with reference to their creativity, what the relevant trends were in American thought in the postwar years before the publication of *The Affluent Society*, and, with reference to their possession of an issue, what the accomplishments of the liberals were after they returned to the White House.

Every age in American history has been an age of transition, embodying the paradox of a desire to improve life in a modern setting with modern means while clinging to the ideals and ideology

of the previous era. Marvin Myers, Ray Ginger, David W. Noble, and Arthur P. Dudden have recently studied this fundamental historical phenomenon as it manifested itself at various times in our past. In the 1950's this paradox had special characteristics based on abundance. The campaign slogan "You Never Had It So Good" aimed at the natural desire of prosperous people to keep the material wealth they had acquired in a new age of abundance. But they yearned for the peace of mind of the good old days. Having overcome economic sickness, Americans suffered cultural, spiritual, and emotional ills—whether due to guilt feelings about prospering amid worldwide poverty, or, as the psychologist might put it, to the need to suffer, or to other factors.

In 1949 Galbraith briefly mentioned in "The American Economy: Substance and Myth," his contribution to a collection of essays entitled *Years of the Modern: An American Appraisal* (Longmans, Green), our unique economic abundance—which indicates that Schlesinger's references in 1956 and 1957 to poverty in the public sector elaborated concepts which Galbraith, his good friend and Harvard colleague, had suggested to him some time before the appearance in 1958 of *The Affluent Society*. In any case, the first important full-length treatment of the effect of prosperity on our society was David M. Potter's *People of Plenty: Economic Abundance and the American Character*, published in 1954 by The University of Chicago Press (Potter, incidentally, in his "Acknowledgements," thanked Schlesinger for ideas relating to two chapters). Eric F. Goldman, in an article, "What Prosperity Is Doing to Our Political Parties" (*Saturday Review*, October 8, 1955), stated that the economic and social liberal-conservative conflict of the 1930's was now meaningless on issues of domestic policy, having given way to divisions along geographical, educational, and change-of-status lines. Thus, in *The Affluent Society* Galbraith presented an economist's analysis of a condition which the historians Potter and Goldman had previously investigated.

If Galbraith and Schlesinger were not alone in their concerns in the opulent 1950's, we can place them—evading the unanswerable questions of ultimate orginality or the debt which, according to Henry Hazlitt, they owed to Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees" of 1705 and Southey's "Colloquies on Society" of 1830—in the vanguard

of liberal thinkers. We can also recognize that their literary grace tended to reduce the time it takes for ideas to move through society from professors to the general public.

As for the issue of the attainment of collective purposes by public or collective action through government which *qualitative liberalism* raised, Americans had always debated the question of whether positive government would give them national security, personal freedom, and economic abundance or lead them to regimentation and misery. Going back only to 1941, we find Carl Becker asserting, in *Modern Democracy* (Yale University Press), that "The question that chiefly concerns us is whether the necessary social regulation of economic enterprise can be effected by the democratic method, that is to say, without a corresponding social regimentation of opinion and political freedom." In *The Road to Serfdom* (University of Chicago Press, 1944) Friedrick Hayek, relating economic freedom to freedom in general, insisted that public action must be carefully scrutinized and sparingly resorted to lest it set in motion a gradual but eventually total loss of liberty. Herman Finer, in *Road to Reaction* (Little, Brown, 1945) and John Maurice Clark, in *Alternative to Serfdom* (Knopf, 1948), disputed Hayek's thesis.

Collective ends were the subject of Michael Polyani's *The Logic of Liberty*, 1951, and John H. Hallowell's *The Moral Foundations of Democracy*, 1954 (both published by the University of Chicago Press). These works held that a free society could sustain itself only by dedicating itself to a distinctive set of beliefs, and that moral forces must enter into public affairs. These themes anticipated the beyond-the-material concerns of *qualitative liberalism*. Collective means were the subject of Yves R. Simon's *Philosophy of Democratic Government* and Jacques Maritain's *Man and the State*, both published by the University of Chicago Press in 1951. Simon held that government was necessary for community-wide direction toward the common good. Maritain treated a number of critical problems, including the question of control in a democratic state and the conflict between freedom and authority. These studies were part of the climate of inquiry encompassing the liberals' dilemma, which Harsch and Goldman described in 1952 and Schlesinger and Galbraith attempted to resolve in 1956, 1957, and 1958.

In a privately circulated memorandum of 1959, "The Shape of

National Politics to Come," Schlesinger summarized his father's thesis about alternating periods of conservatism and liberalism or consolidation and innovation in American history. He consciously exploited a trend when he advised candidate Kennedy to strike out for a New Frontier. Having exploited a trend, did Schlesinger and Galbraith have an issue to which their party, back in the White House, could attract a public following large enough to turn invocations into legislation? While tail fins were disappearing, as John Keats noted, and there was increasing evidence of a willingness on the part of the American people to make sacrifices in the national interest, the first Congressional session of Kennedy's administration produced little along the lines of *qualitative liberalism*.

The game, of course, was only entering its second quarter, and it was too early to post the final score. Prospects were somewhat brighter in 1962 than in 1961, but there was every reason to anticipate a hard road ahead, especially in the House, for legislation in the areas of health, education, welfare, and natural resources. The apparently growing sense of national purpose, moreover, largely related to the necessarily first-priority purpose of survival. Indeed, Schlesinger and Galbraith, now New Frontiersmen themselves, devoted most of their attention to foreign affairs—Schlesinger as Special Assistant to the President and Galbraith as Ambassador to India.

If the liberals were aware that a fierce struggle was required to extend a domestic program beyond the confines of a "holding action," they also knew that a Cold War holding action necessarily became more than that. Galbraith served in a nation which could demonstrate to Asians that they could attain the benefits of modernization without resorting to the cruelty of Communism. Schlesinger devoted special attention to Latin America, where, he declared in "Cuba" (Department of State Publication 7171, April, 1961), the Alliance for Progress, not Communistic Castroism, could assure freedom and "realize the high potentialities of life in the twentieth century."

But the New Frontiersmen did not shy away from the battle to be fought on the home front. President Kennedy devoted most of his State of the Union address of January, 1962, to domestic problems—the first time a president had done so since the war. Conceding that the primary emphasis in the last fifteen years on the problems

of waging the Cold War had been necessary, James Reston, in the New York *Times* of January 14, thought the President "struck a better balance." Given a parity of military power, in the long run, Reston stated, "the first priority lies with the development of a strong, progressive, and stable America"—the thesis of the inseparability of domestic and foreign affairs which Schlesinger advanced in his debate with Max Ascoli in 1956.

As the New Dealers had shown that a democracy could deal with economic distress without resorting to extremes, so the new liberals, while fighting for *qualitative liberalism* in their affluent homeland, were determined to demonstrate that their democracy could sponsor Communist-defeating *quantitative liberalism* in the underdeveloped areas abroad. They believed that the liberals of "The Vital Center," not the Cold War warriors of the John Birch Society, would defeat Communism in the have-not nations because they had—besides armed strength—a practical program.

Schlesinger attributed the Birchers' conspiratorial theory of history to paranoia in a speech to the Young Democrats of California in January, 1962. Harvey B. Schecter of the Anti-Defamation League, in "The Liberals Have Helped the Radical Right" (The New York *Times Magazine*, April 29, 1962), charged that the liberals, "who know the Communists best because they fought so many successful battles against them in the union movement, veterans' organizations and the political arena," through their silence on the question of Communism created a vacuum into which groups like the Birchers poured. Schecter's allegation of silence, of course, did not apply to Schlesinger.

The New Frontiersmen were aware of comments on their means, such as those by Kenneth Crawford, *Newsweek* (January 15, 1962), who thought "Mr. Kennedy would like to be more liberal than he feels he can be," and Russell Baker, the New York *Times* (January 21, 1962), who reported, "Budget Reflects the President's Pragmatism." Unreconstructed New Dealer Oscar Gass implied that pragmatism as to means meant pragmatism as to ends. He complained that the New Frontier lacked "a taste for fundamental and systematic thought." On the other hand, James Reston, in the New York *Times* of January 21, 1962, concluded that definite goals and priorities emerged from the President's budget message, and Joseph

Kraft noted with reference to the Atlantic Community that "The Grand Design Takes Shape" (*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1962). Moreover, Reston, who on occasion had accused the President of evading important issues, asserted that Mr. Kennedy boldly faced the facts, on a long-term basis, in his tariff message.

"Kennedy vs. the 'Liberals'" (*Newsweek*, April 16, 1962) summarized the charges of "pragmatism." Schlesinger had responded to these accusations in an address before the Indian Council of World Affairs in New Delhi on February 15. He emphasized the distinction between *ideals*, which set specific goals but indicate only the spirit in which those goals are to be pursued, and *ideology*, a model abstracted from reality, which leads its adherents into fatalism as to ends and rigidity and ineptness as to means. Meanwhile, the New Frontiersmen were absorbed in the promotion of a qualitative New Frontier at home and its overseas concomitant—a quantitative, up-to-date, flexible International New Deal. Whether their pursuit of pragmatism fatally represents the phenomenon which Daniel Bell has pointed to in *The End of Ideology: On the Exhaustion of Political Ideas in the Fifties* (The Free Press, 1961), whether it will succumb to what Hans J. Morgenthau has called "The Perils of Political Empiricism" (*Commentary*, July, 1962), or whether it is adequate to the challenges of our time will probably be determined by 1965 or 1969.

When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish

By MARTIN GARDNER

■ In 1941 T. S. Eliot startled the literary world by editing an anthology called *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*. Graduate students of English literature, who had been ashamed to admit that they could recite whole chunks from "Mandalay," "Boots," "Gunga Din," "Danny Deever," suddenly found the courage to transfer their copies of Kipling from that dark, inaccessible corner of the bookcase to a shelf where they could be seen by visitors.

In the introduction to his anthology, Eliot proposed a useful distinction between "poetry" and "verse." Verse, he said in effect, has a simple, metrical beat; it expresses clear, unambiguous ideas. Content and form can be grasped completely, or almost completely, on first reading. Poetry differs in degree. Its sound patterns and ideas are subtler, less lucid, impossible to understand fully on first reading. The poem's richness grows with rereadings.

Eliot did not intend the distinction to be invidious. Poetry and verse are two different things, they express different intentions. Kipling did not *try* to write poetry. What he wanted to do he did, and did magnificently. When he wrote (in "Danny Deever"), "What's that that whimpers over'ead?" the word "whimpers," said Eliot, is "exactly right." (Perhaps Eliot had Kipling's use of this word in mind when he used it himself, at the close of *The Hollow Men*, to describe the way the world ends.)

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In short, Eliot thought Kipling wrote great verse.

In my opinion, Langdon Smith's "Evolution" is great verse. Not as good as Kipling's, perhaps, but good enough to merit critical attention. As to its popularity, there is not the slightest doubt. It has been reprinted in dozens of anthologies of "best loved" poems, usually—as is often the fate of poems of this sort—with badly garbled lines. (In Hazel Felleman's *Best Loved Poems of the American People*, for example, there are at least six flagrant errors.) It would be hard to find a geologist or biologist who had never read the poem; moreover, all sorts of unlikely people fall under its spell. Fifteen years ago I sat at a table, in a Thompson's restaurant in Chicago, with a group of magicians attending a magic convention in the city. It was three A.M. Somehow the word "evolution" was mentioned. Harry Blackstone, one of the world's great stage conjurors, put down the deck of cards in his hand, cleared his throat, and recited Langdon Smith's poem from beginning to end. There was no special reason why he had memorized it. The poem had simply caught his fancy when he was a young man.

Literary critics are seldom interested in "verse" unless the author is a famous writer (e.g., Edgar Allan Poe), so it is not surprising that they have nothing at all to say about Langdon Smith. No one, so far as I can discover, has ever written an article about him. In fact, the most remarkable thing one can say about Smith is that almost nothing has been said about him.

He was a newspaper reporter for the Hearst papers in New York City. There are two meager sources of biographical information: a short entry in *Who's Who in America, 1906-07*, and an obituary in the New York *American*, April 9, 1908, page 6.

The *Who's Who* sketch is tantalizingly vague. Smith was born in Kentucky (no town is mentioned) on January 4, 1858, had a common school education at Louisville (1864-72), and was married on February 12, 1894, to Marie Antoinette Wright. (His obituary speaks of her as a Louisville girl.) During his boyhood he served in the Comanche and Apache wars; later he was a correspondent in the Sioux war. He went to Cuba for the New York *Herald* when war broke out in 1895. When the United States declared war on Spain, he was a correspondent in Cuba for the New York *Journal*. He was (the sketch continues) at the bombardment of Santiago, on

the hill with the Marines at Guantanamo, and present at the battles of El Caney and San Juan. The sketch closes: "Author: *On the Panhandle*; also short stories. Address: 154 Nassau Street, New York."

No book called *On the Panhandle* was ever published. Was it an unprinted manuscript? Novel or non-fiction? Is the title a hoax? Were his short stories ever published? I have been unable to find the answer to any of these questions.

Smith's obituary in the New York *American* adds little except a photograph and some details about his illness and death. The picture is that of a handsome, dark-mustached man. He is called "one of the best known of newspaper writers in the country." For ten years he had been on the newspaper's staff. His last signed articles of importance had been on the second trial of Harry K. Thaw and the departure of the U.S. naval fleet on its first round-the-world cruise. His interview with the then Secretary of War, William Howard Taft, had appeared on March 23.

Biographical details in this obituary are obviously copied from *Who's Who*, though the writer has embroidered some of them. Thus: "His best known work was entitled *On the Panhandle*, but he had also written many short stories which had a considerable vogue." In addition to his poem, "Evolution," Smith had also written (so the obituary reads) a "familiar" poem entitled "Bessie McCall." (This poem is not listed in *Granger's Index to Poetry*; I have been unable to discover when or where it was printed.) Friends called him Denver Smith, a nickname alluding to his earlier days as a telegraph operator in Denver. His death on April 8 occurred at his home, 148 Midwood Street, Brooklyn. He was 50. There is no mention of children or other survivors.

On the following day the *American* reprinted the entire poem, "Evolution," on its editorial page, followed by a tribute to Smith. "He had no mannerisms, no affectations, no sentimentalities. Keenly enjoying life, whether of the plains or the city, he invested it with enjoyment for those who knew him and for those who read what he wrote." Of his poem, the tribute says: "Mr. Smith wrote and rewrote it many times before he was satisfied with it."

A check through the clippings on Smith that are on file in the reference room of the New York *Journal-American* turned up little of interest. Two thin folders on him contained only his obituary, a

sampling of a sports column that he wrote, and a column about him, by Hype Igoe, dated April 21, 1939. Mr. Igoe, who had known Smith, recalls a purple passage from Smith's celebrated account of the testimony of Evelyn Thaw on the witness stand to defend her husband; he writes about Smith's friendship with Jim Corbett in the days before Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan for the world's heavyweight boxing crown. Apparently Smith was at one time sports editor of the paper. Igoe mentions Smith's other poem, giving it a fuller title and one that suggests it has been deservedly unremembered: "Bessie McCall of Suicide Hall."

"Evolution" 's first appearance in print as a complete poem was on a page of classified advertisements in the morning Hearst paper, then called the New York *Journal and Advertiser*. The exact date is not known. A paragraph heading a reprint of the poem (in a magazine called *The Scrap Book*, Vol. 1, No. 2, April 1906, pages 257-259) reads:

> History records that in 1895 Mr. Langdon Smith, at that time connected with the Sunday edition of the New York *Herald*, wrote the first few stanzas of the following poem. They were printed in the *Herald*. Four years later, having joined the staff of the New York *Journal* in the interim, Mr. Smith came across the verses among his papers, and, reading them over, was struck with a sense of their incompleteness.
>
> He added a stanza or two and laid the pen aside. Later he wrote more stanzas, and finally completed it and sent it in to Mr. Arthur Brisbane, editor of the *Evening Journal*. Mr. Brisbane, being unable to use it, turned it over to Mr. C. E. Russell of the *Morning Journal*. It appeared in the *Morning Journal*—in the middle of a page of want "ads"! How it came to be buried thus some compositor may know. Perhaps a "make-up" man was inspired with a glimmer of editorial intelligence to "lighten up" the page.
>
> But even a deep border of "ads" could not smother the poem. Mr. Smith received letters of congratulations from all parts of the world, along with requests for copies. The poem has been in constant demand; and it has been almost unobtainable. . . .

Two years later the poem was printed again in a quarterly magazine, *The Speaker* (Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1908, pages 394-397). Since then it has been reprinted countless times in anthologies. So far as I know, the first anthology to include it was Edwin Markham's two-volume *Book of Poetry* (Vol. 1, page 352). "Strange to

say," Markham comments, "this is the only poem of distinction that he is known (to me) to have written."

Strange also is the fact that Markham's version of "Evolution" supplies four lines missing from all other versions of the poem I have seen. The lines precede the poem's final four-line stanza and are as follows:

> For we know that the clod, by the grace of God,
> Will quicken with voice and breath;
> And we know that Love, with gentle hand,
> Will beckon from death to death,

It is unlikely that Markham would have added these inferior lines just to make the last stanza conform in length to the others. More likely they were in the first printed version. One wonders if Smith himself later blue-penciled them.

"Evolution" has been printed as a book or pamphlet at least four times. A hand-lettered booklet, with line drawings by an anonymous artist, bears neither date nor publisher's imprint. In 1909 a 51-page hard-cover version was issued by John W. Luce and Company, with an introduction by Lewis Allen Browne. (Browne is best known as the author of a popular book on religion, *This Believing World*.) Unsigned notes on the various geological terms mentioned in the poem are placed on pages opposite the stanzas. Browne's introduction gives the impression that he knew Smith, but obviously he did not. His "facts," from the sources already mentioned, add little of interest. In 1911 another hard-cover edition was published by W. A. Wilde and Company, with decorative page borders by Fred S. Bertsch. This edition apparently enjoyed a wide sale because copies of it, until a few years ago, were common in second-hand bookstores. A Danish translation by Jens Christian Bay (no illustrations) was privately printed in Holstebro, Denmark, in 1930.

How can one explain the poem's continuing popular appeal? First of all, there is the strong jungle beat that makes the poem so easy to memorize, so effective to recite. Its stanzas are constructed skillfully, and there are passages (as Eliot noted of Kipling's verse) that reach the intensity of poetry. Second, the poem conveys what Darwin had in mind when he wrote, at the close of his *Origin of Species*, "There is grandeur in this view of life." The epic surge of evolution, from its humble beginning in the dark sea to the mellow

light of Delmonico's, is caught in this poem as it has not been caught in any other poem before or since.

Finally, Smith has given evolution a strong religious cast. Did he himself believe in transmigration? It would be interesting to know. The theme of lovers reuniting in successive reincarnations, throughout the earth's long geological history, was a common one in popular fantasy novels of the late nineteenth century. Smith handles the theme so playfully, however, that it is hard to tell how serious he is. It is precisely his ambiguous touch here that makes it possible for the poem to be enjoyed by any reader, regardless of his beliefs about the soul's existence before birth or after death. Lewis Browne, for example, was a thoroughgoing naturalist, yet he thought the poem had "the ring of genius," and that its "crowning glory" was the way in which Smith "interwove throughout his masterpiece of imagination the golden thread of romance."

Browne closes his introduction by noting that Smith's wife died within five weeks after her husband's death, a fact that his friends took to indicate the strong bond between them. I have not been able to verify this. It may be truth, it may be a myth inspired by the poem. It is one of the many curious mysteries that continue to surround the poem and its author.

There is, at least for me, something haunting and sad about the lives of "one-poem men," as Burton Stevenson calls them in his book on *Famous Single Poems*; individuals who achieve immortality by writing one great piece of popular verse and nothing else. Because of the "nothing else" they almost literally vanish from history. "Casey at the Bat" was first published in the San Francisco *Examiner* (another Hearst paper, by the way) in 1888. The author, Ernest Lawrence Thayer, was, like Smith, a journalist. It is this country's best known humorous poem. What sort of man was Thayer? What else did he write? "A Visit from Saint Nicholas," another immortal poem, appeared anonymously in 1823 in the *Sentinel*, a newspaper in Troy, New York. The author was Clement Clark Moore, professor of Oriental languages at the General Theological Seminary of New York. He is remembered today only because he scribbled down these lines to read to his children on Christmas Eve. He considered them so trivial that for twenty years he refused to admit he had written them.

Robert Graves, writing about "one-poem men" in his book, *On English Poetry*, divides them into two types: the born poets, so frustrated by environment that only once in their lives are they able to break through and create a poem, and those who are not poets at all, but who "write to express a sudden intolerable clamour in their brain." Having once expressed themselves, they have no further need of poetry. The first type is not hard to understand. The second type, if such there be, is not so easy to understand. I should think that there is a field here for investigation by those psychologists concerned with "creativity."

Scholars have done their work on Moore and Thayer (both are included in Burton Stevenson's book); Smith is still wrapped in undeserved anonymity. Even his name is appropriately anonymous. Smith. But smiths are artisans, and Langdon Smith was a credit to his clan. He fashioned for himself what must have been a colorful life, and on at least one occasion he hammered out a colorful ballad. It will probably be chanted long after the efforts of many contemporary poets, with enormous reputations, are forgotten by everybody except the historians of literature.

EVOLUTION

LANGDON SMITH

I

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life
For I loved you even then.

II

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

III

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

IV

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came, and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

V

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each:
When life was filled, and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech.

VI

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

VII

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like the great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

VIII

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the Mammoth came to drink;—
Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

IX

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin;
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

X

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With rude and hairy hand,
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
And the Age of Sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

XI

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's;
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

XII

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come amain;
Should it come today, what man may say
We shall not live again?

XIII

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
And furnished them wings to fly;
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
And I know that it shall not die;
Though cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves
Where the mummied mammoths are.

XIV

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

Bootlegging Humanistic Values Through Psychiatry

By THOMAS S. SZASZ, M.D.

■ Psychiatrists perform a vast number of functions in present-day American society. I should like to call attention to one of these functions, which I have called "bootlegging humanism."

Although humanism is a rather vague term, it is not altogether a useless one. To most of us, it means that personal autonomy, dignity, liberty, and responsibility are considered positive values. Further, humanism implies the approbation of such traits as gentleness, understanding, and mercifulness. Conversely, the humanist ethic regards inequality before the law, social oppression, harsh punishments, and viciousness of all sorts as bad and condemnable. Of course, these are not the only, or even the principal, values that may be considered humanistic.

Bootlegging is a good American slang term to describe the illegal supply of a product—as in bootlegging liquor. For bootlegging to occur, two conditions must be met: first, there must be a powerful need that men will seek to satisfy; second, gratification of the need must be legally prohibited. Given these two basic conditions, illegal need satisfaction will be stimulated and most likely will flourish.

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We tend to associate bootlegging with the illegal satisfaction of morally reprehensible desires, such as the need for liquor and narcotics. This is misleading. It often happens that the satisfaction of lofty aspirations and needs is prohibited by law. Let us remember that laws can degrade and stultify human dignity and welfare as easily as they can uplift them. We then speak of bad, stupid, or unreasonable laws. When laws frustrate the satisfaction of certain important human aspirations, the stage is set to gratify the pent-up desires illegally, that is, by bootlegging. During the Nazi era, for example, many Germans, Dutchmen, and especially Danes, hid Jews, or helped to smuggle them abroad, in violation of the law. We—and I am speaking collectively, meaning "we" as American psychiatrists—are engaged in a somewhat similar smuggling operation. I shall describe this smuggling operation by using therapeutic abortion on psychiatric grounds as an illustrative example. Like most prohibitive laws, those regulating abortion do not absolutely prohibit this practice. Rather, abortion is considered illegal unless certain conditions obtain. The conditions that allow a woman to have an abortion—much like the excusing conditions that permit killing someone—vary from state to state. Mental illness is usually one such condition. In other words, in some states, if psychiatrists certify that a woman is psychotic, or is likely to become so if allowed to carry a pregnancy to term, she is permitted to have a legal, or so-called therapeutic, abortion.

It is significant, moreover, that wherever therapeutic abortions are performed in appreciable numbers, more are performed on psychiatric grounds than on any other. At the Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, for example, thirty-nine per cent of all therapeutic abortions since 1952 were justified on psychiatric grounds. In contrast, only eleven per cent of the abortions were performed because of cardio-renal disease, and only ten per cent because of malignancy.

At present, there is a widespread interest among members of the medical and psychiatric professions in measures aimed at "liberalizing" abortion laws. Such liberalization, it seems to me, may be sought in one of two ways.

One way is to advocate an ever-increasing number of medical, eugenic, psychiatric, and social considerations as "therapeutic indications" for abortion, thus making more abortions legal. This has

the advantage, if it be an advantage, of providing the opportunity, at least for some persons, to have abortions if they so desire. At the same time it leaves the ethical premises that underlie our attitudes and laws about abortion unexamined and unchanged.

This type of social action also has some important disadvantages. Perhaps the most significant is that it places a premium on being sick or disabled. If a woman is healthy and pregnant, she must bear her child whether she likes it or not. If, however, she can get herself defined as sick, she may avail herself of a legal abortion. So far as psychiatry is concerned, the obvious difficulty with this arrangement is that while one cannot readily acquire, say, rheumatic heart disease, simply because it might be advantageous to be sick, one can, in such circumstances, develop what is today called mental illness. Providing certain privileges to people afflicted with so-called mental illnesses—for example, exempting them from the military draft, or excusing them from the consequences of certain misbehaviors, or permitting them to have abortions—and thus, in comparison, penalizing those who are mentally healthy—is a rather risky enterprise. Must one be mentally ill to enjoy freedom from being coerced by the physiological consequences of the sexual act?

Another fundamental disadvantage of current medical-psychiatric efforts to liberalize abortion is that they increase rather than diminish the covert ethical conflict between medical and self-willed abortion. Implicit in all such reforms is the thesis that it is all right for medical and psychiatric experts to decide whether or not a woman should bear a child she does not want, but it is not all right for her to do so. In other words, abortion justified on medical and psychiatric grounds, as opposed to self-willed abortion, makes medical and psychiatric experts, rather than adult, self-reliant citizens, responsible for determining whether the physiological chain-reaction initiated with the sexual act and culminating in delivery should be interrupted or not.

The second course is to develop fully and to confront frankly the socio-ethical issues involved in abortion (and other similar problems, such as birth control or the death penalty). By espousing and embracing legislation based on traditional legal and social attitudes, psychiatrists actually make it more difficult for people (themselves included) to come to grips with the really significant

issues. I submit that efforts to "liberalize" abortion laws by providing a broader spectrum of medical and psychiatric justifications for the procedure are, in effect, restrictive of human freedom and, therefore, truly anti-liberal. Why? Because medical and psychiatric "liberalizations" of abortion laws would only increase the number of times *other* people could provide abortions for women; they would not increase the number of occasions on which women could make this decision for *themselves*. Such measures, therefore, give assent to the proposition that it is good to deny people the right to determine for themselves how they should use their bodies. To gain a better understanding of this problem, we must consider briefly the rules governing the uses of the human body.

Who Owns One's Body?

Most problems posed by legislation pertaining to the sexual activities of adults may be condensed into a single question and the possible answers to it. The question is: Who owns one's body? In other words, does a person's body belong to his parents, as it did, to some extent, when he was a child? Or does it belong to the state? Or to the sovereign? Or, perchance, to God? Or, finally, does it belong to himself? Each of these answers is empirically possible. Each reflects the rules of a particular socio-ethical system, or game of life. We must be clear, however, about which value system we favor. According to traditional Christian theology, for example, the body belongs to God. On the other hand, a modern scientifically-enlightened humanism implies—and, I believe, should explicitly affirm—that a person's body, if he is an adult, belongs to himself. This means, of course, that he may do with it as he pleases. He may kill himself, without thereby necessarily sinning or committing a crime. He may also exercise whatever controls he wishes over his procreative functions. From this point of view, having an abortion performed on oneself would fall in the same category as, say, having one's varicose veins ligated.

The foregoing attitude toward the human body, and particularly toward its procreative functions, is in rather sharp conflict with religious views on this subject. Whatever the differences among them, all Western religions agree that man is God's creation. This not only endows man with special importance and value but also

obligates him to adhere to God-given laws. For our present purposes it will suffice to consider briefly the Roman Catholic position on the general issue of body-ownership and, more specifically, on birth control.

The Catholic position, while it is the most extreme, is also the most consistent and logical among the various religious views on this subject. Briefly, Catholic teaching regards all "artificial" interferences with human procreation as sinful because of two fundamental ethical propositions. First, man's relation to virtually everything of importance, and especially the use of his sexual organs, is considered to be governed by "natural law"—that is, by law implicitly God-given. "Artificial" birth control is regarded as contrary to "natural law." Second, the beginning of human life is reckoned from the moment of fertilization. Thus, the embryo is regarded as "living" and as possessing a theologico-legal existence separate from that of the mother's. Because of this, Catholic doctrine places abortion, infanticide, suicide, and homicide in a single category, namely, "murder." It logically follows that law-breaking and murder, however perpetrated, are bad. Hence, to ask a Roman Catholic to support artificial birth control or abortion is to ask him to approve of means leading to undesired ends.

Many non-Catholics, although subscribing to the thesis that considerations of health justify the use of artificial birth control measures, may nevertheless believe that the proper uses of the human body are, or should be, regulated by divine laws. Hence, they too may be opposed to masturbation and the use of contraceptive devices, when these serve only the pursuit of carnal pleasure, or to self-willed abortion when it serves merely the career-aspirations of a woman.

The humanistic, secular view of man, no less than the Roman Catholic, rests on certain ethical premises. Fundamental among these is the proposition that the human embryo is considered to have no existence separate from the mother's. To decide when "human existence" begins—that is, when the baby shall be considered to be an entity legally separate from the mother—must be an arbitrary one. The beginning of the baby's existence may thus be placed at the sixth month of life, when the fetus becomes viable, or, perhaps, at the time of delivery. The point is that, in the view

here proposed, for some period of time after impregnation the uterine contents are regarded as part of the mother's body. According to this definition, therefore, there can be no such thing as murder of a non-viable fetus.

Being *human,* then, is here regarded as primarily an ethical or psychological concept. This must be contrasted with theological or biological definitions of humanness. According to theological (Roman Catholic) definition, for example, a fertilized egg is human, as is also an anencephalic (brainless) fetus. According to biological definition, a viable fetus may be human, but not a fertilized ovum. All definitions are to some extent arbitrary, and theological, biological, and psychosocial definitions of humanness are no exceptions. This brief discussion was intended only as a reminder of the criteria—which, although themselves arbitrary, can be described, inspected, and argued about—on the basis of which the quality of humanness is sometimes ascribed to *organisms,* yet often withheld from *people.*

If, then, an ethic favors personal autonomy, responsibility, and self-reliance, it follows from it that whether a woman should have an abortion would depend primarily on whether she wanted one. The matter would concern only her and her physician (and perhaps her husband, if she has one)—much as is the case today in instances of elective surgical operations. Accordingly, providing an ever-increasing range of psychiatric illnesses as justifications for performing therapeutic abortions is a liberalizing step only if we are fundamentally opposed to the principle of self-willed abortion and all that it implies. If, on the other hand, we regard self-determination over one's bodily functions and parts as an integral aspect of our ethic, then preserving legislation fundamentally opposed to abortion, and increasing the number of allowing conditions, is anything but liberal.

It is a mistake, I believe, to engage in psychiatric actions in connection with matters such as abortion, without first seeking to clarify what we consider the desirable moral underpinnings of society. There are many serious scientific tasks for which psychiatric skills are sorely needed. Psychiatric justifications for abortions, however, belong in that class of phenomena that might appear to be scientific or technical, but are, in fact, obscure deliberations concerning inexplicit choices of value.

The Psychiatrist as Bootlegger

I have argued that therapeutic abortion, especially on psychiatric grounds, is a subterfuge, and that the psychiatrist who makes such abortions possible is a bootlegger of certain inexplicit moral values. I should like to amplify and perhaps further clarify this thesis.

When a psychiatrist recommends a therapeutic abortion, he does not, strictly speaking, bootleg abortion. A vast and flourishing bootleg market in this commodity is maintained by physicians and others who perform illegal operations. Although the psychiatrist who provides the grounds for an abortion is not an ordinary bootlegger, like the abortionist, he may nevertheless be considered a bootlegger of a special kind: he is a legally authorized bootlegger. In this role, the law empowers the psychiatrist to grant permission for otherwise prohibited acts. The physician's role during Prohibition was similar. He could bootleg liquor by ordering it on a prescription blank. Hence, he did not have to smuggle it in from Canada. In much the same way, the psychiatrist need not violate the law to furnish abortion. He is authorized to prescribe abortion as though it were treatment, provided he can find the pregnant woman to be mentally ill (so as to justify his prescription). Let us, at this point, suppose that there were no such thing as mental illness. Where would this leave us? What would we think if the basis for prescribing the banned product—whether liquor or abortion—were fictitious or contrived? Would this not be legalized bootlegging?

Some may object to this argument by rejecting the assertion that psychiatric diagnoses are fictitious or contrived. Psychiatric illnesses—they may reply—are every bit as real as medical illnesses. This is a crucial point. I can only say here that I consider the notion of mental illness a myth. Asserting this, I do not mean to deny the obvious fact that people may suffer from, and may be disabled by, the difficulties which the task of coping with life presents to them. We must keep in mind, however, that mental illnesses are merely the names we give to certain strategies of living and their consequences. If this is true, the forms of behavior in the totality of social existence we *define* as mental illness—that is, the strategies we choose to so label—is itself a profoundly moral decision. Let me briefly illustrate this fundamentally moral aspect of applied psychiatry by means of an actual incident. I relate this episode from memory, but I believe the account is substantially accurate.

Some years ago, in a city on the Eastern seaboard, there occurred a much-publicized tragedy which was the result of an illegal abortion. The facts were briefly as follows: Against parental wishes, a woman from a wealthy family married a poor young man. She became first pregnant then disillusioned with her husband. Thereupon she returned to the parental home and with her mother's aid obtained an illegal abortion. As a result of it, she died. The roles of the mother and of the abortionist in this tragedy were publicly exposed. The abortionist was tried and sentenced to a term in prison. But not the mother. She was said to be severely depressed and entered a psychiatric sanitarium. In spite of her complicity in the act, she was, to my knowledge, never brought to trial. Perhaps it was felt that she had suffered "enough" by the death of her daughter and that meting out additional penalty would be too harsh. Mercy and exemption from punishment were thus smuggled in under the guise of psychiatric diagnosis and treatment.

I am not advocating revengeful law-enforcement. This example is intended only as a reminder that what the law considers mental illness is a moral convention. Choosing the career of professional abortionist is not regarded at tantamount to mental illness. Why not? It could be, if we so chose. On the other hand, a grieving mother is regarded as mentally ill.

It could be argued, I submit, that having to bear and raise a child whom a woman does not want may always be psychologically deleterious for her. Hence, any woman's wish to have an abortion could be construed as psychiatric grounds for permitting it. If this is true, therapeutic abortion for psychiatric reasons is clearly a smuggling operation. Merciful exception from an otherwise harsh law—a law that prevents rational interference with certain physiological processes--is smuggled in under the guise of medical diagnosis, treatment, and prevention. The true character of this operation remains obscure so long as the quantity of the smuggled merchandise is relatively small. If the scale of the operation were stepped up, it would provoke the same resistance that motivates the law to oppose the principle of self-determined abortion.

I have by no means exhausted the uses to which the model of bootlegging may be put in this connection. For example, one could show that some psychiatrists who promote therapeutic abor-

tions, believing that they function in a purely medical capacity, act as the unwitting stooges of the legislators. It is as though they drove the trucks that carried bootleg liquor (i.e., mercy), believing all the while that they transported some other, legitimate, product (i.e., psychiatric diagnosis and prevention). Such a psychiatrist alleviates the legislator's pangs of conscience for making laws that, without him, would be too tough on human beings. This is exemplified by cases in which the victim of rape may be entitled to abortion only on psychiatric grounds.

Indeed, it is to these hidden socio-ethical aspects of psychiatric-therapeutic abortion that I wish to call the greatest attention. For, as I have said, it is not so much abortion that is bootlegged by this strategy, but rather the right to determine for one's self whether to bring a child into the world. This is bad—though, of course, not wholly bad—if for no other reason than because the more efficiently bootlegging supplies a needed product, the less is the consciously experienced desire to change the law. This is a consequence of understandable human laziness. Knowing this, we should be especially cautious before we endorse or adopt psychiatric subterfuges to soften what may seem (to us) to be stupid or undesirable laws. For, by so doing, we may unwittingly delay and obstruct the reforms we really desire and need.

In conclusion, I should like to say frankly that I dislike and disapprove of our abortion laws. I also dislike, however, evading laws by convenient subterfuges. To put it bluntly, I do not believe in "helping" patients by "pleading insanity" for them. It is out of this dilemma that I have evolved the ideas presented here.

Still, someone might object and say: "Well and good, but life cannot be lived in a social vacuum. Until existing laws are changed, we must live, if not within them, at least with them. We must play the game according to prevailing rules." This is a powerful argument on the level of everyday, practical living. It is difficult to adhere consistently to ideal principles. Compromises are necessary. Having said this, let us remember, however, that the more we compromise with our ideals, the more we play games by prevailing rules, and the more we perfect our skills in playing such games—the less eager and interested we shall be in developing new games, more fitting to the stature of modern man.

Poem

By OLIVER RICE

In the tableau there
are three figures: a
man

The moment weighs the selves against themselves,
thinks the treasurer of the Elks.

and a woman in
middle years, seated
on either side of the
floorlamp, and a girl
of about fifteen. The
latter, unoccupied,

Suppose, thinks the majorette,
the silence is the first corruption.

slouches on the sofa,
her hands behind her
head,

Virtue, thinks the spicer of peaches,
is an afterimage of the stars.

her gaze fixed
on the wall above
the library table. She
seems to smile,

Contemplation is the miraculous garment,
thinks the husband of the light sleeper.

al-
though her face is
turned slightly away.
The woman

OLIVER RICE's poems have appeared in *Sewanee*, *Accent*, and the *Quarterly Review of Literature*. In June of this year Oxford published a bi-lingual anthology of Malay poetry of which he was editor and co-translator.

Suppose, thinks the daughter of the shutterbug,
reality is a memory of the seductress.

repairs
the belt of a house-
dress. She wears
neither cosmetics

The caress of the larger man is like an old truth,
thinks the mother of the thrower of tantrums.

nor jewelry. Some-
thing, however, in
the attitude of her
body

By the mutations of the real, thinks the heavy smoker,
one knows that he has lived.

suggests a lin-
gering youthfulness.
The man, of medium
stature,

Episodes have been prepared, alarms and profanations,
thinks the good little helper.

rests his
head against the back
of his chair,

A likeness of the hero, thinks the decent sort,
sulks among the artifacts of sleep.

a news-
paper folded in his
lap, his eyes closed,

Only the compassionate are worthy of their sorrows,
thinks the mother of the daughter of the wag.

his brow clear, his
lips pursed.

The Climate of Opinion

By RUTH LIEF

Alexander Pope decried in vain
The insipidities of Drury Lane.
He hailed the new Saturnian age of lead
And played at bowls with Dulness's round head.
His fellow Scriblerus Jonathan Swift
Struck a deeper vein and tried to sift
A grain of golden reason from the ore
Of man—a task we could have told before
He undertook his labor would of course
Yield less than if he'd chatted with his horse.

I cannot really blame the age of dreaming
That later throned the shimmering queen of seeming
Who reigned her subjects softlier than Reason
And cast in chains the skeptical for treason,
An age that tried to draw all men by hope
Up those antic altar steps that slope
From actualities in primal slime
To eternities in the sublime.
The note of cynic caution never crept
Into the chambers where Romantics slept.

But now that only Boy Scouts trust the compass
And even school girls cause no special rumpus
By saying truth's a matter of opinion,
When Reason, dispossessed of his dominion,
Has gone to lie with dreams that he begot
And statesmen say the thing we know is not,
When cause and consequence have lost relation
And no one trusts instinct as revelation,
What comic genius satirizes lives
Whose twos and twos keep adding up to fives?

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Tale for a Frosty Morning

By MERRILL POLLACK

■ He was awakened by a gunshot. The thin, slapping noise penetrated the thick stone walls of his house and made him go rigid in apprehension. Even before he was fully awake he turned his head to the right to look towards his wife's bed and then, seeing its impersonal neatness, remembered that he was alone. She had gone to New York with the children the previous afternoon to visit her parents.

It was cold in the bedroom, and Ben Newman shivered as he tossed back the covers and stood up. He put on his green woolen robe, took his eyeglasses off the dresser and put them on, then went to the window. The meadow was in frost and, in the first glow of sunrise, there was a pearly cast over the dry stalks of thistle and goldenrod and a multitude of unclassified weeds. Ben gasped at the scene below, feeling there was something remote and other-worldly in its stillness.

He looked across the field to the woods beyond, vertical and somber, relieved here by a mat of grass or honeysuckle, there by the reddishness of a berry bush. He scanned the woods, hoping to see a bird or animal. Two weeks earlier, upon arising, he had seen a deer moving slowly among the trees. It had walked with supernatural grace, and Ben had held his breath in excitement, barely moving, until it had ambled out of view. To Ben, city-reared, the fact of a deer walking across his acres had been a dumbfounding experience.

But there was no deer that morning. A female cardinal, dusky red, was balanced on the tip of a swaying sumac about halfway

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MERRILL POLLACK, whose "The House on the Northeast Hill" appeared in our Summer '61 issue, is a fiction editor of the *Saturday Evening Post.*

across the meadow. Ben watched it for a moment, wondering if the male was nearby; its scarlet plumage would be a spectacular note against the frost. Then the female flew away in an undulating course and disappeared in a thicket.

Ben frowned then, remembering the shot. There was nothing moving, no clue as to where it had come from. As he left the bedroom and crossed the house, he reflected that this was the first real gunshot he had heard since World War II. The movies and television were lavish with gunshots, but this was different. The quality of the noise that had awakened him was sharper and flatter and uglier. Its simplicity had frightened him.

He went into the children's bedroom and looked out of the window. The fields were serene on that side; there were no unexpected colors or shapes. He proceeded to the bathroom on the north side of the house and peered through the small, low casement. He could see the curve of the gravel driveway and the bulk of the spruce trees between the weathered plank garage and the toolhouse, but, again, nothing moved, nothing threatened.

Thinking he might have been mistaken, Ben left the bathroom, descended the ancient, creaking, pegged-pine stairs to the living room and went to the lattice window on the south wall. He drew aside the green dust-smelling drapes and looked towards the pond and the thickly-wooded hillside. Just inside the trees his eye was caught by an unnatural line, dark and glinting in the early light. The line moved and Ben realized it was a gun barrel. A second later a man emerged from the woods, a bulky figure in high boots, khaki trousers, a red and black jacket, and a red hunting cap, carrying his rifle at the ready. He moved stealthily, and at first Ben thought there was something menacing in the stranger's movement. Involuntarily he stepped back and let the drape fall a bit, as if to shield himself from discovery.

But then there was a commotion almost at the man's feet and a pheasant burst from cover, wings flapping powerfully in a rising flight. The hunter swung his gun to his shoulder in a quick, graceful arc and, as the bird reached altitude and flattened out in a long, frozen glide across the pond and down towards the thick tangle of multiflora in the meadow, the man tracked the bird, led it, and fired.

Ben cursed the hunter; he watched the bird, praying it hadn't been hit. It still glided, low to the ground now, and the line of its flight was steady. *Safe*, Ben gloated. The hunter stood motionless. Although he was at least two hundred yards away, Ben could see clearly the quality of disappointment in his stance. After a moment the man lowered his shotgun and began stalking the pheasant.

Ben ran to the side door, opened it, and moved quickly around the corner of his house, aware of the bite of the frost through his thin slippers and feeling the cold through his thin pajamas and robe. He caught sight of the hunter picking his way cautiously across the meadow, and without premeditation halted and shouted: "Hey!"

His voice, powerful in anger, roared across the silence, hovered for an instant, and then echoed. The hunter looked around and caught sight of Ben in the shadow of the old stone house. He seemed to deliberate, then turned back towards his quarry.

Shocked by the hunter's disregard, Ben stared in outrage. He shouted again, but this time the hunter did not even turn. Ben took a few precipitous steps after him, but remembered his inadequate attire and stopped. He looked around wildly and saw a shovel he had left leaning against the house. He seized it and banged it furiously against the stone wall. The handle vibrated painfully in his hands and a chip of mortar dropped off the wall. But the resonant clanging, deafening to Ben, carried far, and its violence was warning to all the nearby wild life and an effective distraction to the hunter. He halted again and lowered his shotgun in disgust. Ben swung the shovel several times more, grimacing each time it slammed against the stone. He stopped finally and tossed it to the ground. The hunter was looking towards him.

"No hunting," Ben shouted. "No hunting here. This land is posted!"

The stranger waved to indicate he had heard and called back, "Where can I go?"

"South," Ben responded, pointing in the direction the man had come from. The hunter waved again and started back. Shivering violently now, Ben watched for a second, then retreated to the house. He closed the door, slapped his thin arms to restore warmth, and moved directly over a register. The hot air finally penetrated his chilled body and his trembling subsided. Although it was just seven

o'clock, Ben went to the liquor cabinet, filled a jigger with bourbon, and tossed it off.

He felt better then, almost triumphant. Although the hunter had been trespassing, he had been decent about leaving the property. Had he chosen to ignore Ben a second time, there wouldn't have been much Ben could do, undressed as he was. And, he reflected soberly, he would have been fairly helpless dressed, too. There were no firearms in the house. The last time Ben had held a rifle was during the war. When the war ended and he'd turned in his weapon, he'd vowed never to touch one again.

Even if he had a weapon, Ben knew he would be incapable of using it. He was barely five feet seven and was bony and awkward and myopic as well. He'd been peaceable as a boy and was gentle as a man. When he'd moved to the country less than six months before, revelling in the peacefulness of New England, he'd wanted no more of his eighteen acres and his two hundred year old house than to live there quietly with his family. He'd left the city in his thirty-sixth year with a sense of delight and escape. His journey to New York City took an hour and a half, but he felt it was worth the trip, for his new home was in an area well away from railroads and high-speed highways and was still unravaged by housing developments. Ben was a salesman for a lithography company in Manhattan. After years of careful saving, he'd gotten together enough to buy his way out of the city's confines.

New to the country, it hadn't occurred to him that hunters would ignore the "No Trespassing" signs he'd posted around his land. Nevertheless, he reflected that he was lucky to live where he did. The annoyance of the hunter was a temporary thing. He went back upstairs to get dressed for work. A few minutes later, while he was shaving, he heard another gunshot. He paused, the razor an inch from his lathered cheek, knowing instinctively that it was the same hunter. On his way to the southern boundary, the man had undoubtedly scared up another pheasant and fired at it.

Ben groaned. To him a pheasant was a miracle, in the same class of miracle as deer and rabbits and raccoons and woodchucks—animals he'd never seen in a natural state until he'd bought this land—and, as such, creatures to be jealously protected.

He dropped the razor, wiped his face, and hastened to the bed-

room where he flung on a woolen shirt, dungarees, and a pair of work shoes. He ran downstairs, stopped at the vestibule closet to seize a heavy army jacket, and went out. The sunlight glaring on the frost made him blink. Squinting, he went around the house and headed for the pond.

He had no plan other than to try to find the hunter and make certain he left the property. He might deliver himself of some remarks about trespassing. He did not want to quarrel, but there was a principle involved. He wanted to keep his land as a sanctuary for small game; it seemed only reasonable that strangers should respect his wishes. In another age people hunted because they had to. Ben couldn't understand any necessity for hunting in these fatted times.

He reached the pond and noticed a thin edge of ice along the bank. If the cold held, if the temperature stayed low, the lake would freeze over in a week, and Ben was looking forward to that as one more bonus of life in the country. He circled the pond and struck out for the woods. There was some scrub oak at the border, and he pushed their low branches aside to gain entry to the stillness under the soaring trunks and arching branches. The forest floor was clear of underbrush and weeds. Once, during the summer, he'd come up to get some earth when his wife had been transplating roses, and he'd been astonished by the richness of the black humus. Never before had he seen such soil. He had taken a basket of it to his wife, carrying it with reverence, exclaiming over the unexpected wealth of his land. The roses had not prospered, but Ben blamed that on other things—aphids and a protracted dry period; possibly his wife had not rooted them properly. He wouldn't hear any criticism of the soil itself.

Ben walked lightly, careful not to tread on any twigs that might snap and signal his presence. He wanted to surprise the hunter. And then . . . and then. . . . Well, the words would come.

The sun filtered thinly through the crowns of the trees and the air seemed cooler here. Ben shivered but found himself half-enjoying his unexpected walk. He almost forgot the hunter when he came to an animal burrow at the base of a decaying stump. There was a circle of thick frost on the grass surrounding the hole, and Ben assumed this was caused by the animal's body heat escaping from the burrow and condensing around the entrance. He smiled at the

possibility that he might be standing directly over the sleeping chamber, that the vibration of his footsteps might be just heavy enough to penetrate the animal's hibernation, perhaps cause it to stir restlessly and uneasily.

"It's all right," he murmured. "I wouldn't hurt you."

He went on, skirting a massive beech tree, picking his way through a cluster of birch saplings, touching the rough bark of a walnut for momentary support as he stepped over a fallen tree, black and yellow in peeling decay. He heard a soft flutter overhead and stopped to search the branches for a glimpse of the bird. He couldn't find it but heard its "pee-eep" a moment later, and that insignificant detail gave him pleasure, too.

Then, from some distance, but clearly, he heard the snapping of a twig and a drumming, flapping noise, and then all was still again. Ben tried to isolate the sounds and interpret them. The trees creaked and twigs and branches rubbed softly. These were normal forest sounds. Then he heard it again, the drumming noise, oddly unrhythmic, out of joint.

With a sense of foreboding, Ben went towards it, no longer trying to be silent. He came soon to a small, open spot, a place of high yellowing grass. Once again he heard the drumming, fluttering sound. About halfway across the partial clearing—there was some young dogwood there, he noted absently—the grass moved unnaturally. He advanced cautiously, hardly breathing, and caught a glimpse of a white circle and a greenish-bluish-purplish head—a ring neck pheasant. It did not break into flight, did not move until he was nearly to it. Then it wobbled in an erratic circle, one wing beating frantically, lifting it partially off the ground, the other wing dragging; the long tailfeathers were splayed in disorganization. Ben was close enough to see the black eyes in their fields of scarlet; he could make out the speckled pattern of the feathers on the back, the irregular black stripes on the brown tailfeathers.

"Fly," he whispered urgently. But the bird couldn't. One wing was damaged in ugly uselessness, and two of the toes on its left leg stuck up grotesquely, like twigs that had been broken but not removed from a tree. Ben felt sick momentarily as he comprehended that the bird was wounded. He stooped. The pheasant tried to scrabble out of reach, but he caught it easily. Although he wore no

gloves, he put his left hand near its head, his right hand across its back, and gathered it in swiftly, cradling it against his chest. The hurt wing hung down along Ben's stomach. The other wing, not secured, beat in powerful frenzy. Ben could hear the air whistling through the outspread feathers. The bird snaked its oriental head around and struck at Ben. Its beak hit the back of his left hand, left a spot of blood over the knuckle of his third finger. It hurt. Ben almost dropped the bird before he was able to reorganize his hold on it, catch the flapping wing, and pull it tight against the bird's pulsing, frightened body. The head was more difficult; in a desperate attempt for freedom, the bird pecked again at Ben's hand, left another small wound. Its legs thrashed violently. It arched its neck and lunged. Fearing for his face, Ben twisted his head high and away. So unbalanced, he stumbled and nearly fell. He recovered, swung his left arm out and in again, and grasped the bird just under its beak. The pheasant lunged a few more times, but Ben had it securely now and forced the head gently back towards the breast. Unexpectedly, the bird stopped fighting. Whether it had given up out of exhaustion or because it realized it was helpless, Ben did not know. It lay still in his arms, a ruin of magnificent color, surprisingly warm to the touch, unexpectedly heavy.

Ben was panting from his effort and, although the frost still prevailed, he was overheated. His body warmth caused his eyeglasses to steam up, and after a few moments the only unfogged area of each lens was a thin crescent near the top. He tipped his head far forward, until his chin touched his chest, in order to look at the bird. Its sides moved rapidly, but otherwise it was still.

He turned awkwardly, his head still tipped, trying to determine the easiest and most direct route to his house. He planned to take the bird inside, somehow keep it quiet while he examined it, and then do what he could—put a splint on its wing, if that were possible—to try to heal it, and set it free later on. He'd never done such a thing before, but necessity would teach him. Ben wanted passionately for this bird to live, to fly again. He selected a course to his house and started, making throat noises of comfort to the pheasant.

Without warning, the bird went tense and uttered its call—a tingling, ululating cackle. At such close quarters it was harsh and wild and unnerving. Ben clutched the bird tightly, waiting for a

repetition of the cry, but the pheasant lapsed into silence. Ben walked with wide steps.

Then, from behind, he heard the clatter of a dry branch breaking and thudding, running footsteps. He turned back, breathing stertorously, and peered myopically over his glasses. He saw the hunter—the one he'd seen earlier—advancing, gun held across his chest, massive in his heavy clothing.

The man came up without a greeting, eyeing Ben, eyeing the pheasant. He had a solid, impassive face with wide, flat features; his skin was flecked here and there with small liver-colored spots. His face was lined from exposure to the weather. His aspect was uncompromising and harsh.

"You just pick up that bird?" he asked in a deep, uninflected voice.

Ben nodded, instinctively fearing the man.

"He's mine." The man's tone left no room for discussion; he stated a fact incontrovertible. He waited stolidly, gazing unblinkingly at Ben.

Ben started to answer, but his throat was too dry for speech. He ran his tongue around his mouth, wet his lips.

"No," he said finally.

"I shot him."

"He's not dead."

The hunter's eyes narrowed and he took his left hand off the shotgun barrel and poked a finger at the pheasant's side. The bird kicked. The hunter grimaced and put his hand back around the barrel.

"Have to kill him, then," he stated. "I winged 'im. He'll die anyway."

Rage made Ben abandon his innate sense of caution. "Get out of here," he ordered in an angry quaver. "I told you once, now I'm telling you for the last time, get off this land!"

The hunter measured him and shot up a quizzical eyebrow. "Who're you?"

"I own this place. The land's posted."

A shrug. "Take it easy, mister. Just take it easy." There was an undercurent of meanness, of menace, in the man's calm, in the way he hefted his gun. He wasn't afraid, not of Ben, not of any man.

Not while he held a gun. Not while his arms were free and Ben's were encumbered. He stepped closer.

"Give me the bird."

"No." Ben glared, aware of his vulnerability, not caring. He considered putting the bird on the ground so he could face the hunter on more equal terms but, watching the man's face, realized it would be a mistake. The hunter would dispassionately kill it before discussing the matter further. If the bird were to live it had to stay in Ben's arms.

"Give me the bird and I'll get off," the hunter offered.

"You'll get off without the bird," Ben said evenly. "You're going to get off the land now, right now, and you're going to go without any trouble. You don't belong here. . . ."

The man's right eye ticked. "I've been hunting these parts all my life, mister. Me and a couple other fellows. I grew up here. . . ."

"That's all over!" Ben interrupted harshly. "No more. I don't know who you are and I don't care. I own this place and I'm telling you to leave. No, I'll change that. I'm asking you to leave. I'm asking you to turn around and go through those woods until you come to a barbed wire fence. That's my property line. I don't care what you do on the other side of that fence, but I'm asking you to leave my land. I'm asking you in a nice way to please leave my property now. . . ."

"Now look, fella," the man said, "let's you and me be reasonable for a minute. . . ."

"I'm trying to be as reasonable as I know how," Ben said, shifting the weight of the pheasant, trying to keep his fury in bounds. "I just want you to go away."

The hunter opened his left hand and tapped the shotgun barrel against his palm a few times. Each time it hit his palm it made a little smacking noise.

A fragment of breeze chilled Ben's neck and riffled his coat collar. He looked behind the hunter's unfriendly half-smile and what he saw made him afraid. It was not too late to back down. He could relinquish the pheasant and go back to his house and that would be the end of it, more or less. After a time, in the press of other affairs, he might even forget.

But then, while he was wavering, the bird began to struggle

again. It pulled its wing free and fanned the air in a half dozen passionate beats. The hunter watched the pattern the wing made, watched unemotionally, simply watched and waited. And Ben knew that no matter what happened he could not relinquish the bird to this man. He groped frantically for the wing, caught it, put his strength against that of the powerful thrust of bone and feather, and smoothed it back against the warm, pulsing body.

"I'm not giving you this bird," he said in a sing-song voice. "I'm not giving it up, no matter what. Go away from here. If you try to take this pheasant, I'll fight you for it. You've got a gun and you're bigger than me, but that doesn't matter. The only way you'll get this bird is if you shoot me or knock me out. Now just decide what you want to do, and if you decide you want this bird that badly, why, you just say so, mister, and then you try and take it away from me. I don't like fighting, but I'm going to fight you for this. And if we fight and you end up with the bird, I'm going to make you a promise. Unless you kill me—that's right, unless you kill me—I'll find out who you are, and I'll look for you till I find you, and then, so help me, I'll find a way to make you sorry. I'll make you wish you'd never come on my land, that you'd never held a gun on a bird, that you'd never met up with me. Now that's what you have to figure on if you want this pheasant. You just tell me what you want to do."

Ben waited, sweating. His knees began quivering and his stomach churned, but he held fast, facing the hunter over the tops of his glasses, wondering what was going to happen.

The hunter stared incredulously at Ben for a long, agonizing silence. A muscle under his right eye throbbed. "You're crazy," he muttered. And then, to Ben's astonishment and relief, he whirled and marched away, his shoulders square, his legs stiff. Ben watched until the man disappeared deep into the woods. The quivering in his legs increased alarmingly. He turned and forced himself to move towards his house. His arms ached; his sweated body felt chilled. He began to trot.

By the time he reached the house he was gasping and sobbing for breath. At the front door he bent and, holding the bird in with his elbow, grasped the doorknob, turned it, entered, and kicked the door shut with his heel. He looked around uncertainly and, realizing

suddenly that he was exhausted, lurched into the living room and sank into the green easy chair, stroking the bird's feathers.

After several minutes, although he was still breathing with difficulty, he heaved himself up and took the bird to the small lavatory that adjoined the pantry. There was little in there that could be broken if the pheasant thrashed about. If it got loose, he could catch it with reasonable ease in the confined space. The door was ajar. He went in and pushed it closed with his back. He put the bird on the floor and straightened quickly. It did not move.

Ben took off his fogged eyeglasses, put them in his jacket pocket, and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. He looked down. The bird had twisted its head around to stare malevolently at him. Its beak opened and closed a few times. Ben knelt and smoothed the ruffled feathers with gentle, trembling fingers. The bird was on its side, with the good wing uppermost. Ben turned the bird carefully. The shattered wing flopped awry; it was half torn off the body. The bone was smashed.

It was useless. Even as Ben pondered, he realized that the bird's eyes were filming. It was dying, and he could not reverse the inevitable. The pheasant twitched and uttered a croaking sound. Did birds feel pain? . . . Ben stared pityingly at the creature. He did not know how long it took a bird to die. The hunter had said, "Have to kill him then . . . he'll die anyway." The man was right, and, in his way, reasonable. As hunter, as predator, he had no desire to prolong the bird's suffering. Only Ben's interference had prevented him from finishing his work.

Ben studied the bird, acknowledging for the first time this unsentimental aspect of nature's order. A quick, strong twist of the bird's neck would restore the balance. Tears filled his eyes and distorted his vision. Blindly, he groped along the bird's body until he found its neck. But the life of the yielding feathers under his palm prevented him from closing his hand. Feeling chilled, Ben understood that for him there was no choice at all. All he could do was remain with the bird, stroking it sorrowingly, for as long as it would take for its life to end.

Object-Lesson: Picture of Rioters

By EDITH RYLANDER

Take it from any paper, any magazine,
In fact, any time. Granted no candid cameramen
Were on hand in imperial Rome, ran and dodged in Jerusalem,
Teetered on precarious perches for angle-shots
At the storming of the Bastille, I am convinced
But for minor details of costuming, the results would be much the same.

Forget the cause. Or make it a noble one, for the sake of argument.
There are always plenty of causes. The mob does not have to be
Lynching or crucifying. It can be freeing
Enslaved multitudes, or casting off the yoke
Of intolerable despotism, prepared to die gallantly
For the sweet fields of beloved fatherland.
Let the cause be what you will, so the picture is unposed,
Honest with the naked honesty
Of people who do not know they are on display.

Here is the picture, then. And first you are struck
By the distortion. These people have had no time to pose,
To worry about profiles, uncombed hair,
Or looks of selfless determination. Their mouths twist
In shouts you can almost hear, with the bitter twist
Meaning insult. The eyes glaze, or stare wildly;
Hair tumbles over them. Clothing is disarranged. Bodies strain
Into grotesque attitudes, almost funny,
Like the excited horseman who rode off at once in all directions.
The clubbing fist-blows look wildly inaccurate. It is hard to believe
Anybody was really hurt, really
(In the final, bloody sense, irrespective of sides taken)
Really was killed.

EDITH RYLANDER's previous national publication was in *New Campus Writing #2*, under her maiden name of Edith May Alcock. A native of California, she presently lives and writes in Carmel, where her husband teaches in the high school.

People are, of course. All right, we conceded
A noble cause. The people are just as dead.
They do not breathe anymore. Their eyes do not kindle
For crosses or swastikas or the faces
Of their loved ones. They are even more awkward
Than the mob that kills them. They sprawl limp and shameless
And it does not matter. Never again,
Suddenly realizing a camera, will they hastily straighten
Ties or hair, or assume a winning smile.
Snap away all you want. They are past embarrassment,
Like a dog hit in the roadway
Staring blindly at the ripped defilement of its guts.

They are very human when they are dead. Strip them naked;
They all have the same structure.
The hands past clenching, the sapless thighs,
Chests no longer lifted with breath, breasts
That will never harden with love, or, milk-gorged,
Deliver themselves to gobbling small mouths.
Loins with their seed dead in them, sagging impotently
As tripe in a butcher's window.

But we were talking of the living, of those people in the picture
With their cause, whatever its nature, and their distorted faces.
Of course, they will disperse after a while
And go home, with whatever thoughts people have
After they have punished—for the sake of argument—
The wrongdoer who richly deserved it.

They go home, then. They eat and drink,
Clean houses, go to work, correct their children's manners,
Weed the garden, maybe, excited at the growth of a flower
Friends had told them would never grow in this climate.
They entertain friends, laugh, read a page or two,
Tuck the kids in bed, talk awhile together in the darkness,
Make love, perhaps, then sleep.
The dead would probably
Be doing the same things, except they are dead.

It must, of course, be a shock to kill a man; but after you have done it
Memory can blur off, interpose convenient curtains
Of normalcy. So often the dead, too,
Was black (if you are white)

Or white (if you are black),
Or a rabble-rousing exponent of intolerable views,
(At least, he went along with the others),
And anyway on the other side, one of what the kids would call "bad guys,"
Which is the important thing. Also, of course, that he is defeated, while
you won.
(Meaning, respectively, dead and alive.)
Altogether, very unlike your brother.

For Fellow Travelers Who Prefer Trains

By RICHARD CURRY ESLER

The mountains of the moon, they lie
beyond believing of the eye.
The loom of them is overmuch
to us who speak of what we clutch,
and clutching, see; and seeing, sell
a heaven for a cozy hell.
Our being is, can only be
referenced bifocally.
We like this circumscribing sod,
this neater sphere, this smaller god,
this earth which must, of what we sing,
lend credence to the echoing.

RICHARD CURRY ESLER, a former teacher, is now a trouble-shooter for an industrial concern who travels widely over the Western hemisphere. First published by Harriet Monroe in 1933, his poems have appeared widely, and a collection, *Exits and Entrances*, was published by the University of Pittsburgh Press in 1961. Another collection is in preparation, as well as a collaboration with his son on a collection of modern Latin American poetry.

■ BOOKS

Stale Wine in Old Bottles

By WILLIAM PETERSEN

In the spring of 1960, twelve Democratic members of the House of Representatives and some forty intellectuals, professors, and journalists together formed something they called—or some of them called—"the Liberal Project." Its birth was announced to the press by Congressman Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin and James P. Warburg, the noted economist and analyst of foreign affairs. To some degree these two men typified the two groups: most of the Congressmen were in their first term, and many of their new associates were older, or even elderly, personages of established reputations. The Project endorsed universal disarmament and world economic aid, and particularly deprecated the American policies on Germany and Communist China.

Six months later five out of the twelve Congressmen lost their seats. "Their opponents and the press," David Riesman later wrote, "clouded the issue and kept them on the defensive by dubbing them 'appeasers' and 'soft on Communism.'" Even a first-term Representative can learn such a lesson. All except Kastenmeier and James Roosevelt denied that they had belonged to the Liberal Project, or indeed that there had ever been such an organization. The remarks of Congressman O'Hara of California are typical: he had merely been sitting in on "bull sessions" with some academic types. "I never at any time conceived of myself as being a member of any kind of group. I never met with the 'group' and discussed policy. Never. Never. Never. Never." In Wisconsin, Claude Jasper, the Republican State Chairman, designated Congressman Reuss as a member of the Liberal Project, basing himself on statements by Kastenmeier but passing over Reuss's subsequent denials. Reuss has sued Jasper for libel!

WILLIAM PETERSEN, Associate Professor of Sociology at the University of California, Berkeley, is the author of *Population*, recently published by Macmillan. He is co-editor of *Social Controversy*, which Wadsworth will publish this fall. His last appearance in *Antioch Review* was with a review of Inkeles and Bauer's *Soviet Citizen* in the Spring '60 issue

This year there appeared a paperback entitled *The Liberal Papers,*[1] which in a manner never precisely stated derived from the Liberal Project, if that has ever existed. On March 15, the day before the publication date, Senator Everett Dirksen and Representative Charles A. Halleck joined with Republican National Chairman William E. Miller in denouncing the book. It was a "Democrat-sponsored surrender plan," "our American Munich." Barry Goldwater and Thruston B. Morton carried the attack to the floor of the Senate. The various statements made it clear that the Republican tacticians thought they had found a sure-fire issue for the 1962 campaign, not as good as the subsequent Estes scandal but a fitting supplement. As one of them said, just as Robert Welch's *Blue Book of the John Birch Society* had been used to attack the Republican right wing, all too successfully from their point of view, so this volume will be used to beat down the Democratic left wing. The main effect of the attack so far has been the contrary: the first printing of 10,000 was quickly followed by a second of 20,000 and a third of 30,000. Unlike the Liberal Project, *The Liberal Papers* is not to be permitted to fall by its own weight.

Of the thirteen contributors, two are professors emeritus, five are professors, one is on the academic ladder, and one has "taught courses" at various universities. These are joined by three non-academic publicists—Warburg; Walter Millis, until recently staff director at the Fund for the Republic, the wholly disowned subsidiary of the Ford Foundation, and now listed only as "journalist and writer"; and Vera Micheles Dean, a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association since the early 1930's, now an editorial consultant for that organization and the "Director, Non-Western Civilizations Program, University of Rochester." The Congressional contingent has all but disappeared, represented only by Arthur Waskow, "formerly legislative assistant" to Kastenmeier, and by James Roosevelt as editor.

Judging the symposium as a unit, never an easy matter, is especially difficult in this case. Several of the pieces are on peripheral questions (such as the growth of the world's population) or on technical matters (such as how to improve the bureaucratic organization of the United Nations, or how to adjust the American economy to disarmament); and these have little of the flavor of "liberalism" as this is defined in the main body of the work. The timing of the papers raises another question. We are informed in the Introduction that they were all completed by the beginning of 1960 and thus were aimed at the fine broad target of the

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[1]James Roosevelt, ed., New York: Doubleday-Anchor, 1962.

Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy. We have no way of knowing, however, whether every one of the authors subscribes to Mr. Roosevelt's feeling that "in broad scope the relevance and importance of these essays still stand." If we assume that this is so, the core papers share, in spite of differences in emphasis and minor disagreements, a point of view. They offer a rationale for a new foreign policy.

The most persistent themes are pacifism and the necessity of achieving an orderly world by "universal disarmament." "We believe it illusory to think that peace can be assured by a mere limitation or control of national armaments" (Warburg). Military force is not only dangerous but obsolete. "Both Russia and the United States are now almost immobilized by the very power they possess for destruction" (Charles E. Osgood, Professor of Psychology, University of Illinois). "While military forces still have a significant part to play in the world's gropings toward world order, it is, and is likely to remain, a quite minor part" (Millis).

Disarmament includes, as a corollary, the withdrawal from all military alliances. NATO has become obsolete; the European powers in it "are currently trying to carry out a policy in which they have no real trust." On the other hand, "the sudden abolition of NATO might entail a crisis of European confidence" in the United States. The disengagement must be gradual, yet faster than the pressures from Europe's leftist parties seem to demand. A new Labor government in Britain, for example, "might well request the dismantlement of NATO missile or Polaris bases. The United States should be psychologically prepared for this and should begin right now to close down these bases throughout Europe" (H. Stuart Hughes, Professor of History, Harvard).

Similarly, "military commitments in Southeast Asia need to be deemphasized" (Dean). Taiwan and the Pescadores should be demilitarized and put under a United Nations trusteeship for five years, then permitted to decide by plebiscite whether to become a part of Communist China or to remain independent. This "seems to us the only solution fair to all concerned" (Warburg).

Similarly, "West Berlin is of no particular value, except that the West has incurred a moral liability to protect its 2,250,000 inhabitants from being overrun by Communism." The solution is to adopt Poland's Rapacki Plan, by which Germany would be reunified and neutralized militarily. This proposal, "as we envisage it, would be shaped with the full consent of the German people," and Khrushchev also "would gladly liquidate that coercive position if, as a *quid pro quo*, he could obtain

the withdrawal of American military power from the continent and the liquidation of American bases on the Soviet periphery" (Warburg).

The notion of *quid pro quo*, even so mammoth a *quid* for so miniscule a *quo*, is not accepted as suitable by all of the contributors. Professor Osgood's stance, taken in by far the longest paper, is more typical of the book. He proposes a "hypothetical program of unilateral actions [in] several broad areas of application (A. Science and Secrecy; B. Communist China; C. Controls and Inspection; D. Socio-economic; E. Military) and [at] several levels of risk potential significance (1, 2, . . . N) within each area." Thus, on April 1, for instance, "we announce that, as of May 1, we intend to make public all medical information we have been gathering concerning man in space; reciprocation invited from all nations; nature of general policy indicated (A-1)." (The author apparently does not intend that one should attach any particular significance to the fact that this program is to be announced on All Fool's Day and is to start on May Day.) By the end of the year, the United States "will move the substitution of Communist China for Nationalist China on the Security Council—reciprocation in the form of recognition of Taiwan as a soverign country with representation in the General Assembly requested." Note that whenever a Western retreat is announced it must be carried out, whether or not the "request" for a reciprocal action is honored. The plan "assumes that the Russians would accept an unambiguous opportunity to reduce world tensions for reasons of good sense even if not for reasons of good will"—as though in the whole postwar period they had been given no such opportunities.

This quotation is the key not only to Professor Osgood's program of unilateral disaster: the whole "liberal" program hinges on the nature of Communism. Is the truculence of the Soviet Union and of Communist China merely a reflection of Western belligerence, and thus to be assuaged by conciliatory gifts? When Khrushchev remarks that he will bury us all, is this only a lusty folk expression of the immemorial peasant? When China pushes into India, Pakistan, Burma, Laos, ". . . N," can one interpret this as no more than the natural exuberance of a new nation? Curiously, in a book about American foreign policy—or, in broader terms, about the conflict between Communism and the West—there is no paper on the Soviet Union, and none by an expert on Communism. Instead, we are informed that "our relationship with Russia is similar to that of a big brother who is obsessed with the fear that his little brother will overtake him" (David Riesman, Professor of Social Science, Harvard, and Michael Maccoby, U.S. Public Health Research Fellow). Or that "American men seem constantly pursued by

the fear of unmanliness and therefore feel the need to present themselves as hard and realistic" (Riesman and Maccoby). Even Osgood, a professor of psychology, has not seen fit to develop the sibling-rivalry and the unmanliness-hardness hypotheses. *He* makes much of the fact that human perception and human judgment are both fallible. From these observations, exemplified by the results of laboratory tests and even illustrated by diagrams, he draws the remarkable conclusion that those who disagree with him about the nature of Communism are wrong.

There is a paper on China, and it contains one notable sentence: "The Chinese Communist challenge to the United States interests in Asia is real, it is dangerous, and it is going to dominate our thinking in that area throughout the foreseeable future" (Allen S. Whiting, lecturer and author). This unusually forthright statement is immediately countered, however, by a "reappraisal" of the challenge, by an emphasis on the "caution" the Chinese Communists typically exhibit. I would agree with Mr. Whiting, if that is what he means, that like Stalin and like Hitler, Mao wants to be sure that the table is rigged before he places his bets. Yet it is also true that this regime is drunk with power, buoyed by its theory of inevitable victory and its conquest of half a continent. In any case, how would "caution" be relevant against an adversary that disarms, dumps its allies into the China Sea, and invites its enemy into the seats of power? Would Mao be too cautious to take advantage of what, to him, would seem to be the final disintegration of a decadent system?

None of these "liberals" is a Communist, but they do not want to seem to be too anti-Communist. They had "very mixed feelings," for example, about the Americans who went to Vienna in 1959 to oppose the Communist propaganda of the Youth Festival. "Whatever their personal motives, these students became, in effect, emissaries of our State Department and our national cold war line" (Riesman and Maccoby). Apparently these men are fearful that they might also be mistaken for such agents. How else are we to account for demonstratively anti-American assertions as silly, for example, as that Americans "fail even to take the necessary steps, first toward peace, and then toward improved social conditions and better education and medical care," or that "the myth of American efficiency . . . remains unpunctured because most other countries . . . are even less efficient"?

In underdeveloped nations, as another example, Western armies "can only ally themselves with privileged minorities who are interested in maintaining the *status quo* of poverty and ignorance . . . [and thus]

frustrate the necessary development of the hungry nations" (Waskow). This is a recurrent theme: Trujillo, Franco, and Nuri as-Said in Iraq, Adenauer, De Gaulle, and Macmillan, and so on around the world—all are brought forward to demonstrate that American allies must be unsavory to a true "liberal." No one mentions the contrary fact—that the United States has become acutely susceptible to the charge of imperialism and, in an effort to avoid it, has helped to hurtle Indonesia and much of Negro Africa into unprepared self-determination and chaos. And certainly no one mentions such actual examples of American "imperialism" as Puerto Rico, where with assistance from the mainland Muñoz Marín is demonstrating that economic development and democracy are compatible.

Aid to the underdeveloped world, according to these analysts, will have to be continued on a massive scale for some fifty years to bring these countries up to the present development of India, which alone in Southeast Asia is considered to be at the point of "take-off" for modernization. "Just because of this, India is in particularly urgent need of expanded aid, so that it will not lose the momentum already achieved" (Dean). In short, the United States should commit itself over the next three or four generations to vast and increasing expenditures—for what? "The industrialization of presently less developed countries is in the interest of the United States" (Warburg). Is it really so simple; are no conditions or qualifications necessary? It should not be imagined that the populations of industrializing (as contrasted with industrial) countries necessarily live better than their forebears; on the contrary, the *first* effect of modernization is typically to break the traditional social bonds and prepare an amorphous mass ripe for revolution. Yet, by the "liberal" program, while the United States adopts social measures potentially helpful to its enemy, it must take no political steps to prevent this potential from being realized. "Nor should we refuse aid to Communist countries," Mrs. Dean asserts, "if aid is requested. . . . The technologically advanced nations (and this group now includes the U.S.S.R. and Czechoslovakia, in addition to the United States, Canada, the Western European nations, and Japan) [should be] persuaded to pool their resources, and to place them under the administrative supervision of the United Nations." Thus, the "political overtones" of national aid will be removed, and "a genuine partnership between the 'have' and the 'have-nots' could be created" (Dean). It is understood, of course, who would bear the major cost of this transformation. And is there much doubt who would be the commissars of the worldwide utopia? As one wit remarked, only the optimists are learning Russian today; the realists are hard at studying Chinese.

To label *The Liberal Papers* "our American Munich," though it smacks of cheap electioneering, is appropriate enough if we concentrate on the program. But it is absurd to compare the men of the Liberal Project with historical figures like Chamberlain and Daladier. These men were in power at a turning point of history; faced with terrifying dilemmas, they made tragically wrong choices. Even in their abstract exercise, the "liberals" face no dilemmas. Their only problems are to preserve "peace" by giving the Communists what they want, with possibly a lagniappe thrown in for good behavior, and to convince the rest of us that this is high diplomacy. The question whether one preserves peace by feeding the aggressive proclivities of the Communist states is not argued, but begged. And the program is still unacceptable to the vast majority of the electorate, the present administration, the Democratic or the Republican Party, or any other sizable slice of the American public.

On the other hand, one cannot subscribe to James Roosevelt's statement, which Riesman repeats in other words, that these papers were necessary "to reopen the political forum and reinstitute the dialogue of politics." Three out of the twelve essays had been printed elsewhere, and the ideas in all of them are the common coin of the liberal magazines, reappearing in hard-cover and paperback books, in the twice-weekly advertisements in the New York *Times*. For years Mrs. Dean had almost the equivalent of a private publishing firm, Mr. Millis of a private lecture circuit. Hardly anyone in the country writes more than Professor Riesman, and even his most casual jottings are printed. It is true that this small band has not acquired a mass following; but the reason is not that they have lacked the opportunity to voice their opinion.

A recurrent "liberal" explanation of America's foreign policy is to dub it a symptom of a sick society. The Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, implicitly in its name and explicitly in some of its propaganda, has tried to shift the debate from how to differentiate wise from foolish policy to how to avoid insanity. So also: "the ulcer of the cold war, as much as it is a reaction to a real conflict, also exposes the failure of a style of life" (Riesman and Maccoby). Not even our style of life and also that of the Communist countries, but "a" style of life. The motives of those who disagree with this analysis, it would seem, are also suspect. The "vested interests in the armaments industries" are mentioned, of course, but more important are businessmen "of good will whose economic advantage makes it easier for them to rationalize their work by putting full blame on the Russians and by parading the horrors of Communism." "Some of the scientists are more wedded to the arms race than their commercial employers." "Workers and their unions [are] now involved in defense activities; . . . many are making more money than

they ever did before" (Riesman and Maccoby). This persistent psychologizing of political issues is not, however, carried to the length of adopting the precept, Know thyself.

For a number of the contributors to this volume, the postwar period constitutes the second time that they have participated as commentators (and—by intent—as opinion molders) on a great struggle between totalitarianism and what Warburg now calls "Western-style democracy." During the 1930's, as Nazism came into power in Germany, expanded into adjoining areas, and pushed Europe and the world into war, these men and this woman tried to combat American isolationism, liberals' despair, and realists' sympathy with "the wave of the future." Nazism is not Communism, and even less is Germany Russia or China; yet the parallels are sufficient to warrant some comparisons. Which of the works of that earlier age we choose to examine for this purpose makes almost no difference, for then too—though not in a single volume—these writers were offering a more or less consistent rationale for a new foreign policy.

It is instructive, for example, to reread in one of Mr. Millis's books a chapter entitled "Dealing with Dictators."[2] This is an account of Chamberlain's negotiations with Hitler. "If only we could find a peaceful solution to the Czechoslovak question," Chamberlain reported to the British people, "I should myself feel the way open again for a further effort for a general appeasement" in the whole of Europe. Chamberlain went "like an awkward angel of peace and reasonableness," and perpetrated what "the shocked statesmen in Prague called 'the basest betrayal in history.'" "The Czechs had given up; they had agreed to cede all territories with fifty per cent or more of Sudetens; the crisis should have been over. To his surprise, Mr. Chamberlain found that it was only the beginning." War seemed imminent, but as a last-moment reprieve Chamberlain was invited to come to Munich to confer. Millis comments: "They did not stop to ask how a conference would change matters or what would be discussed. They were overwhelmed with relief and enthusiasm." Chamberlain went and brought back, as he reported it, "peace with honor, peace for our time."

> Certainly in the spring of 1939 there was no European people who wanted a war; and it seems almost as certain that there was no national leader—not even Hitler or Mussolini or Stalin—who wanted another great war like that of 1914. And yet another great war came. It did not

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[2]Walter Millis, *Why Europe Fights* (New York: Morrow, 1940), pp. 205ff.

> come for any one "reason." . . . It came, very largely, because Adolph Hitler was the kind of a man he was. . . . Yet it also came . . . because the democratic statesmen surrendered when they might have been firm and because they did not dare surrender when firmness could no longer prevent a war. Theirs was a much less direct responsibility.

And the Nazi system, "at bottom, was so much like that of Stalin's Russia."

James P. Warburg's essay in *The Liberal Papers*, the fullest programmatic statement of the group, yet lacks several fundamental elements. One wishes Warburg had seen fit to follow the format of a little book he wrote in his anti-fascist phase, which echoed Chamberlain's notorious phrase with a sardonic question mark—*Peace in Our Time?*[3] The first chapter, "What Do We Really Care About?" was a recital of America's democratic values—the moral content of the struggle against totalitarianism. (While one might think that this is still relevant for self-professed "liberals," there is no comparable section in the Anchor volume.) Warburg proceeded to spell out why and how the American people should be interested in the outcome of the war (which the United States, of course, had not yet entered). Rather obviously, he denoted "a Hitler-Stalin (or Stalin-Hitler) victory" as disastrous, an Allied victory as desirable. More interesting are his comments on "a negotiated peace without victory for either side," or what in the intervening period has come to be called coexistence. "Ever since his victory over Poland Hitler has been making peace proposals, . . . but it seems clear that a peace which allowed Hitler to retain his conquests would amount either to no more than an armed truce or else to no less than a complete Hitler victory."

> Can there be peace except through the firm establishment of justice? And can justice be firmly established without there being more or less universal agreement among men as to what justice is? If we follow this line of thought it begins to become evident how utterly hopeless must be any attempt to "enforce peace"; for man's sense of justice cannot be suppressed by force, and men will fight, so long as they are men, whenever their sense of justice is sufficiently outraged.

This eloquent declaration, Mr. Warburg might say, is less relevant today. Objective conditions have changed, he might point out, and indeed they have: if nothing else, war has become considerably more destructive. If he argued in this fashion, I think he would be wrong, for it is still true that the way to avoid war with an expansionist totali-

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[3]New York: Harper, 1940.

tarian power is to prepare for it, and that to disarm in the face of such an enemy is to invite war.

The true tragedy of Warburg and the others, however, is that they do *not* argue this position. They do not attempt to reconcile their militant antitotalitarian stand of the 1930's with their present implicit compliance with totalitarianism. Western democrats again face a terrible dilemma, and no resolution is wholly satisfactory. One can respect at least the sentiments of a man who demands that we sacrifice our democratic system, since that is the only way to survive. But can one respect "liberals" who pass over the fact that the cold war is about justice?

Convert

By ROBERT SWARD

He walks in a corridor
Of Chicago's Art Institute,
Seeking the work which will
Leap out at him, embrace
and
Redeem him, make him one
with
Its perfection. He finds
that painting,
And goes on, cautiously then, disfigured
perhaps
permanently,
to some others.

ROBERT SWARD's poems have appeared widely, his last on these pages in our Spring '62 issue, and his latest book, *Uncle Dog*, was published last summer by Putnam's in England. He teaches in the writing program at Cornell University.

Non-Anthropological Anthropology

Primitive Song. By C. M. Bowra. The World Publishing Company, 1962. Pp. xiv + 303, photographs, notes, index. $6.50.

Critics of the anthropologist Franz Boas, and those of his students who followed methodological and theoretical paths deriving from his work, often point out the attention given to refutations of the theory of social and cultural evolution and insist that this is but flogging a dead horse. While there may be merit in the accusation when it is applied to intra-anthropological work, since classic evolutionary theory is no longer accepted by anthropologists, such refutations still apply to non-anthropological works. It is indeed remarkable how thoroughly evolutionary theory in its classic form appeals to the layman and even to the informed scholar, and the horses which are so dead in anthropology are very much alive outside the field. Anthropology itself has come to realize the value of attempting to reconstruct developmental sequences within restricted areas of endeavor, but this is a far different approach from that taken by theorists such as Tylor, Morgan, and Spencer in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The failure to distinguish between such present limited investigations and the classic theory is a severe problem and one that is germane to C. M. Bowra's *Primitive Song*, for Sir Maurice has cast his study of song text in the specific terms of classic evolutionary theory, and as such his speculations will not be acceptable to modern social science.

Classic evolutionary theory is usually said to have assumed three basic postulates: first, that there is a unilinear sequence in the history of mankind; second, that evolutionary sequences can be established by the classic comparative method in which living cultures can be taken to represent stages through which other living cultures have already passed; and third, that survivals of past stages of culture can be discerned among contemporary peoples. To these I would add a fourth: the evolutionist assumes that the peoples he calls "primitive" or "savage" differ from himself in well-defined and marked ways.

All four of these postulates are assumed by Sir Maurice in his discussion of primitive song. A few groups are taken as being primitive, including the Tasmanians, Pygmies, Bushmen, Dama, Semang, Vedda,

Andamanese, Australian aborigines, Ona, and Yahgan, and criteria of primitiveness are established, including hunting and gathering, nomadic way of life, lack of domesticated animals, similar social structures, and so forth. These people are held to be our contemporary ancesters: "They are indubitably primitive, even savage, and much in their way of life recalls that of Late Paleolithic man, while they have little in common even with his Neolithic successors" (p. 5). Their song texts are held to have passed through evolutionary stages of which the various groups noted represent various stages (pp. 85, 115), and they in themselves are held to be survivals. Perhaps most striking is the gulf that Sir Maurice sees between these peoples and ourselves; he assumes that they have a special "primitive mentality" (pp. 89, 92), that their imaginative processes differ from ours (pp. 205-06), that they are incapable of analyzing and abstracting and that their mental processes are not rational (p. 234), that their languages are not competent (p. 260), that they are melancholy (p. 284), and so forth. Given our state of knowledge of the peoples of the world, such assumptions are inexcusable.

Primitive Song, then, is based upon a number of assumptions which cannot be accepted by social scientists, the conclusions are couched in evolutionary terms, and whatever impact the book may have is lost in a welter of personal interpretations. The author, for example, holds that the most primitive kind of song text is that composed of nonsense syllables, and cites the songs of the Yahgan to prove his point. He further notes the existence of nonsense syllables among certain American Indian groups which do not meet his criteria of primitiveness (the Arapaho) and reaches the conclusion that such songs must be survivals from the ancient past. But he does not consider the fact that Peyote songs among the American Indians use nonsense syllables exclusively and that we know the origin of the Peyote cult falls within the historic period, most attributing its formal organization to the years around 1870. And finally, we know that new Peyote songs are currently being composed. Are these, then, archaic songs? Would it not be semantic confusion of the worst sort to call them archaic? Is it not possible to suppose that the texts of the Yahgan have been composed in recent years? I am impatient of method of this sort which is deductive in its basis and which depends upon the assumption of criteria which will not stand the test of close scrutiny.

I am impatient, too, with a method which depends almost exclusively on an outsider's interpretation of meaning without ascertaining what the people who sing the song think about meaning. This is arm-chair analysis, based not upon intimate knowledge of what people sing

about, but rather upon what a person from another culture thinks they may be singing about. For example, on p. 156, Sir Maurice cites the following lines from the Eskimo:

> Wild caribou, land-louse, long-legs,
> With the great ears
> And the rough hairs on your neck,
> Flee not from me.
> Here I bring skins for soles,
> Here I bring moss for wicks;
> Just come gladly,
> Hither to me, hither to me.

The analysis: "Yet even here there is a kind of affection in the opening words, playful perhaps and not free from mockery, but not hostile or contemptuous." I can think of half a dozen other possible interpretations, and in any case, without a thorough and intimate knowledge of the people involved, I would be extremely cautious about forwarding them.

The book concerns "primitiveness" in song, but nowhere are the criteria for what is to be considered primitive in song drawn together. However, from various points in the discussion, we can assemble the following: primitiveness in song is shown by "simplicity and shortness" (p. 49), the presence of a large number of sacred themes (p. 52), the presence of nonsense syllables (p. 58), "the maintenance of the line as an individual unit" (p. 67), the formal unit of the stanza if accompanied by the dance and by the self-contained line if it is not (p. 75), repetition (p. 77), immediacy of reaction, concentration on a single theme and a tendency to stress it by isolating it (p. 102), reliance on emotion as the source of the song (p. 272), and the text is meant to be sung (p. 275). With the exception of the criterion of sacred themes, do not these all apply equally well to rock and roll? And if they do, is rock and roll primitive in the sense that Sir Maurice characterizes the songs of his selective sample?

The point, I hope, is clear. Primitiveness, in the old evolutionary sense of the word, is no longer useful as a concept. Social or cultural evolution, as couched in nineteenth century terms, is not a tenable theory. Armchair deduction is no substitute for inductive field investigation. Sir Maurice looks upon the basic premises of so-called primitive people as being different from and, by inference, inferior to those of our culture; his own basic premises are outmoded and unacceptable in the light of contemporary social science.

University of Indiana ALAN P. MERRIAM

The "Success" and "Failure" of D. H. Lawrence

The workhorse biographer, his facts exhaustively searched, mounted page after page, makes of his book timeless necessity, no doubt of that. But let him approach his man with some little appreciation of drama, of fiction, the more the facts stick with us. We have an enjoyment of truth that, if not veritable fiction, is as memorable as fiction at its best. It is still Boswell, above all, though we appreciate as well the sharp assist of Lytton Strachey, who has given us the working convention for modern biography, the "fictive reportage" of documentary truth.

I may seem a bit unwilling to relish pure objectivity, whatever that is. Certainly I am affected by some recent biographies of fiction-makers which I have been reading lately; it is their extensive piling up of facts which most impresses me. Mark Schorer's industry in his writing of *Sinclair Lewis*[1] is, above all, awesome. I am not one of those to complain of the book's massive weight. The essentially documentary writer Lewis was required of Schorer a fact-riding, fact-piling narrative which has the finality of revelatory form. He risks overwhelming the reader, boring him, just as Lewis himself was overwhelming and boring. This candid-camera snapping of ugly Red Lewis again and again makes him as hard to take as to believe. But there you are, the success and failure of Lewis is here "believed." An American literary man's success story is complete.

Of comparable value is Andrew Turnbull's *Scott Fitzgerald: A Life.*[2] Turnbull reveals more than his personally sympathetic view—for Turnbull was a friend of Fitzgerald's—in that he achieves for the first time, I think, Fitzgerald's own true as well as false image of himself. It must be remembered, as in *The Crack-Up*, that Fitzgerald had this piteous gift.

By comparison, personal if modest intent seriously limits the value of *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway*[3] by Leicester Hemingway, its scope being simply reminiscent. This is a book which future biographers will find use-

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[1]*Sinclair Lewis: An American Life*. By Mark Schorer. McGraw-Hill, Inc., 1961. $10.00

[2]*Scott Fitzgerald: A Life*. By Andrew Turnbull. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1962. $5.95.

[3]*My Brother, Ernest Hemingway*. By Leicester Hemingway. The World Publishing Company, 1962. $4.95.

ful, however. Here are family scenes that only a younger brother could record, and we have in the account of Hemingway's last days and his death the family's own version of the "suicide."

Writers, of course, however successful enough to be subjects for biographies, have to be weighed as "failures." The man's strengths, indeed, but with such as Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway, the imbalance of weaknesses. If we want real success stories, we stick to those of businessmen, scientists, astronauts. Creators of fictive heroes seem the more to risk the ruin of drink and drugs and sex, premature if not violent death. And the biographer, knowing that the penalty is to be paid, bestows on himself the heroic authority of a point of view—whether it be that of the "acute enemy" or pitying admirer—and can pretty much have his own way.

It is my view that too many have been having their way, for example, with such a complex literary personality as was that of D. H. Lawrence. The "real" Lawrence (and I won't write here an essay on what "real" means) gets further and further away, the more patient and industrious and even tolerant the reader may be. Lawrence seems to exist, in actuality, only as variously "summed up," interpreted, by those who knew him, upon whom he left some mark—and variable as Lawrence was as a person, as a writer, it is clear that those who became acquainted with him were even the more variable. In Lawrence's early life, he may have had friends; but soon enough, his only "friends" were as disciples; he formed few relationships that did not begin with respect, with awe or reverence. He was surrounded by those who could be said to be "seekers." Few there were who did not want from him, at last, some kind of salvation, some kind of spiritual regeneration.

It was as soon as that wasted body which was that of David Herbert Lawrence was buried against a sunny wall in the cemetery at Vence in southern France that the disciples rushed their scribblings into print. Young Italian workmen were set to the task of decorating the grave with a mosaic phoenix. Since that death-day in March, 1930, which was Lawrence's forty-fifth year, an ever-recurring phoenix of "memoirs" has risen. By recent count, the bibliography runs to more than eighty items.

And Lawrence's own writings are still in print. The cheap Penguin editions make available nine novels, five collections of short stories, as well as half a dozen closely printed volumes of travel pieces, essays, poetry, and letters.

Ailing man that Lawrence was, itinerant—his first twenty years spent in and around a dreary coal-mining town near Nottingham where he had

been born—after his "elopment" with Frieda von Richthofen Weekley to Germany and Italy—his desk was usually his knees. With a notebook and rapid pen, with inexhaustible energy and untroubled spontaneity, he worked in damp hotel rooms, out of the wind of slow ships that carried him from Europe to Ceyon and Australia and round the world to old and New Mexico, back and forth between Europe and the United States. Spontaneity, only the flow of spontaeous directives of immediate feelings—and thus his serene if often unsettling dogmatism. But always, precisely as he felt, in naked expression of love and hate, of disgust and anger, he wrote, and he was never so strongly opinionated that the ranting as well as the poetic lyricism is not stirring.

Who cannot be attracted to the reading of such a writer? Lawrence at his best—whatever that best may be judged to be—will have readers, always. E. M. Forster has said of him that he is "the greatest imaginative novelist of our generation." And F. R. Leavis deals with preponderant—say even preposterous—finality in his *D. H. Lawrence, Novelist* with what he calls the "absurdities of the estimates by 'innominate' committees of dons," or T. S. Eliot's complaints of Lawrence's "emotional disease"—and at such length that it is Leavis, not Lawrence, who comes under attack. "A religious genius [along with Simone Weil] to match no others of this century" is the opinion of Richard Rees in *Brave Men: A Study of D. H. Lawrence and Simone Weil.* "A *poet* . . ." Eliseo Vivas[4] names him, giving the term its ultimate depth of significance, though this is a judgment on his prose, not his verse, which Vivas finds "embarrassing." He would furthermore modify Eliot's opinion of Chesterton to state that "Lawrence's head teamed with ideas but it did not always give evidence that it could think."

Current as the above judgments are, Lawrence, one of the most praised of twentieth century writers, is also a most constant "yes, but" victim—granted that far more is likely to be said against his critics should they insufficiently dispraise. Leavis is an example—Leavis, who like Lawrence lacks a needed sense of humor, who perhaps too strongly insists that with Lawrence "it is impossible to study the work and the art without forming a vivid sense of the man, and touching on the facts of his history." Which is not the New Criticism, of course.

Unfortunately, this "vivid sense" of the man in the "facts of his history" is almost too abundant for comfort. Lawrence may be the less read

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[4]*D. H. Lawrence: The Failure and the Triumph of Art.* By Eliseo Vivas. Northwestern University Press, 1960. $4.75.

for being too much read about, and to follow Leavis' advice is to submerge in such profusion of biographical commentary and interpretation as never to reach the woods for the innumerable trees.

Actually, Lawrence was constant in an examination of himself. In continuous dramatic expression of this examination he was unwilling to record any final statement of his "philosophy." Brewster reports him saying that if he did so he would contradict himself on every page. After all, his was the "intelligent heart"—Harry T. Moore's good phrase. That heart, kept beating, kept writing; self-discovery, self-examination, was the created blood in which he believed.

Most of the others saw the man as reflected in themselves; it is they who, if they did not contradict themselves, seem to have more safely risked the contradiction of each other. Let the tireless reader, for example, take into his hands to begin with the weight of three volumes, *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*,[5] edited by Edward Nehls. Some eighty-seven persons are listed here as of "The Lawrence Circle," and all of them directly or indirectly contribute. Others outside the circle—numerous in the index—with writings previously published or here published exclusively add to the total of 1800 pages. Edward Nehls as the ringmaster of this astounding circus makes it evident: all these earnest recorders of their experience with the one man can write of the one man—he whom Bertrand Russell says he never understood—but that one man, either as a "composite" or as a mosaic, eludes us still. Even the physical "reality" blurs, for what actually were the colors of his eyes and hair and beard; was he slight and short and stooped or straight and tall; was he soft-spoken or caustic, swaggering with arrogance or always gentle? We have to settle for the blur, however fashionable it may be to call it a montage.

It may be so, what George Eliot once wrote to a correspondent, that "All biography diminishes in interest when the subject has won celebrity." She insists that it is autobiography only that "saves a man or a woman that the world is curious about from the publication of a string of mistakes called 'Memoirs.'" But Lawrence with one brief exception gave us little autobiography except that which may be found behind the gauze of his fiction. An "Autobiographical Sketch" appears in his *Assorted Articles*. Such a candid tone it has!

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[5] *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*. Edited by Edward Nehls. The University of Wisconsin Press. Vol. 1, 1957, $7.50. Vol. 2, 1958, $7.50. Vol. 3, 1959, $7.50.

> They ask me: "Did you find it very hard to get on and become a success?" And I have to admit that I can be said to have got on, and if I can be called a success, then I *did not* find it hard.
>
> I never starved in a garret, nor waited in anguish for the post to bring me an answer from editor or publisher, nor did I struggle in sweat and blood to bring forth mighty works, nor did I ever wake up and find myself famous.
>
> I was a poor boy. I *ought* to have wrestled in the fell clutch of circumstance, and undergone the bludgeonings of chance before I became a writer with a modest income and a very questionable reputation. But I didn't. It all happened by itself and without any groans from me.

For the more immediate and, again, candid self-revelation of the man, his letters are to be read. Fortunately, here they are, far more complete than they have ever been in a new two-volume edition of 1307 almost uncomfortably crowded pages as edited by Harry T. Moore.[6] As first collected by Aldous Huxley thirty years ago, the editing was exercised with caution, certain names appearing as blanks, certain details omitted. Even so, Moore's collection is incomplete. Letters to Aldous and Maria Huxley still lie "buried in a warehouse" and most to Mable Dodge Luhan are locked away in a safe in Boston.

Moore has found letters never previously published, however, and these, in particular of the earliest years between 1903 and 1909, cover Lawrence's "poor boy" period. Those to Blanche Jennings, an active feminist who was a postoffice employee in Liverpool, add an early chapter of autobiography. Blanche Jennings was four years older than Lawrence, a friend of Alice Dax who was to some extent reflected in the character of Clara Dawes in *Sons and Lovers*. To her Lawrence sent the first draft of *Laetitia*, later published as his first novel, *The White Peacock*.

The twenty-three-year Lawrence who later in this year was to become a schoolmaster at the Davidson Road School, Croydon, with callow flattery and self-deprecation writes:

> Since you belong to a class which I conceive as scorning conventional politeness—don't ask me "what class!"—I am going to be just natural, which is to be rude. I wish you—I feel like one the brink of a cold bath—to read and criticise some writing of mine that purports to be a novel. There, I am in!
>
> I feel you laughing—and you know what a Sensitive Plant is a young, sentimental man of some slight ability and much vanity! So pray cease to giggle—I won't beg your pardon for the word—and listen while I tell

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[6] *The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence*. Edited and with an introduction by Harry T. Moore. The Viking Press, 1962. $17.50.

> you with earnestness, pathos, and some glory what a fool I am: in the first place it is a novel of sentiment—may the devil fly away with it—what the critics would call, I believe, an "erotic novel"—the devil damn the whole race black—, all about love—and rhapsodies on Spring scattered here and there—heroines galore—no plot—nine-tenths adjectives—every colour in the spectrum descanted upon—a poem or two—scraps of Latin and French—altogether a sloppy, spicy mess. . . .

Four months pass before the young author replies to Blanche Jennings' comments.

> I did *Laetitia* about a year ago . . . I will rewrite sometime; your suggestions will be valuable. Do you feel me bowing to you? One little thing I will say seriously. *Laetitia* was written during the year I changed from boyhood to manhood, my first year in College. It is a frightful experience to grow up, I think, it hurts horribly; but when you have got it over it is delightful. College disappointed me painfully; there are only four or five respect-worthy people in the place, and only one or two whom I knew and felt superior to myself—I am speaking of professors. Now though I am conceited, one of the cruellest shocks I ever had was to find that half the prof's in college were not superior to me in intellect or character. I am timid before people I respect as my superiors, but I feel confident even to insolence before my inferiors. One can feel after a very short time whether a man is superior or inferior. Then the prof's in coll. went on in such a miserable jog-trot, earn-your-money manner that I was startled; then I came to feel that I might as well be taught by a gramophone as by those men, for all the interest or sincerity they felt. I doubted them, I began to despise or distrust things; I lost my rather deep religious faith; I lost my idealism and my wistfulness, and I wrote *Laetitia* in that year. Now I have weaned myself from folks and God and my young dreams; I don't care much for things, anything; I believe in life, and am determined not to waste myself battling against the world's inertia and contrariness. Hurray!

"Waste himself," however, he had to—to earn his living as a teacher. Then he fell ill—this being after the traumatic shock of his mother's death by cancer. *The White Peacock* was published, then *The Trespasser*, early stories and poems. He made literary friends, Ford Madox Hueffer, and, more vitally, Edward Garnett, these both being editors for whose answers he never had to wait.

It was from the beginning that he had his serene position as a writer—without "struggle in sweat and blood." He was of the working class; if he needed health to teach, with less health he could write. It became his trade. He was serenely confident that whatever were his natural feelings, the expression of these feelings was what others could be interested in.

From the very beginning he lacked any compulsive, narcissistic fascination with himself as an artist. He wrote with the spontaneous, intuitive expression of a sensibility that felt what was "right" and therefore could only regard what was written as "right."

In these earliest days, at least, let anyone call him a genius, he shrugged off the term. "If I want to *write*, I write—and if I don't want to, I won't." The only difficulty was to find exactly the form one's passion "wants to take." His motto, he said, was "Art for my sake." To Pinker, his agent, he can snarl, "Tell Arnold Bennett that all the rules of construction hold good only for novels which are copies of other novels." Bennett is an "old imitator," his novels being copies of other novels. "A book which is not a copy of other books has its own construction. . . . I shall repeat until I am grey—when they [other writers] have as good a work to show, they may make their pronouncements *ex cathedra*. Till then, let them learn decent respect."

Just a year earlier—1914—he has written to Gordon Campbell:

> It is necessary to grasp the whole. I think there is a dual way of looking at things: our way, which is to say, "I am all. All other things are but radiation out from me." The other way is to try to conceive the whole by means of symbolism, because symbolism avoids the I and puts aside the egotist; and, in the whole, to take our decent place. That was how man built the Cathedrals. He didn't say "out of my breast springs this cathedral!" But "in the vast whole I am a small part, I move and live and have my being."

He is a man, a creature of dignity, and once the problem of finding the form one's "passion" takes, he assumes his "decent place" and others must learn "decent respect." Vanity is of no great harm to such a writer. Integrity lies in sensitivity fortified by pride. In all these earliest letters of Lawrence's, self-belief is tempered by his instincts; he is the "pure" writer who respects his own self-found authority. What could "success" mean to such a writer when the only success that meant anything, ultimately, was a faith sustained by self-belief?

This "self-belief," however, became "belief." And when it did, Lawrence failed, failed in his relations with others, failed to a great extent in his later novels, perhaps, quite simply, because he no longer could find exactly the form his passion wanted, needed, to take. One can even venture the guess that he gained far too much "respect," and from his friends, from his disciples, far too much worship. The writer had best be solitary. At best he must pretend he is a creator, not a god writing.

Early on, Lawrence loved and hated in exercise of his happily won

"wholeness." Take me as I am. Let others be as they are. In "wholeness" let us live and have our being.

Sex, of course, is of the "wholeness." Sex is not, as Frieda Lawrence was to say herself, hopping "about by itself like a frog, as if it had no relation to the rest of living, one's growth, one's ripening."

It was from Lawrence that Frieda was made aware of this. He was not the first, perhaps, aware of the tragic fact that man's extinction is destined because we die by the excess of our biological distinctivness. Man's one distinction, his excessive peculiarity as a specie, is his intelligence. Strontium 90 and insecticides are twentieth century suicidal phenomena. The psychic suicide we have been achieving by "intellectualizing" the sexual instinct, however, has been incessant since Eden.

So much sexual damage had been done to Lawrence by the time he met Frieda that it is as if a miracle then happened, as if a paralytic, suddenly strong-limbed, runs a mile. It is important to know that Frieda was then Mrs. Ernest Weekley, the wife of a university professor, that she was a German baroness, and that she was the mother of three children whom she abandoned, if not with some anguish, in order to run away with Lawrence to the Continent where they lived together until they could return to England to be married. All that is really important is that Frieda, thirty-one, all "smock-ravelled," living like a "somnanbulist in a conventional set life" was awakened by Lawrence to "the consciousness of my own proper self." Thus their union became inevitably imperative.

Lawrence's "consciousness" of his own proper self is difficult to understand. How handicapped it appeared to be: he was without money, he had weak lungs; all his previous experiences with women had been crippling, either damaging or hateful. But "poor boy" that he was, a coal miner's son, Lawrence had been gifted from the beginning with a capacity for joy. A little of that joy, but only a little, he had had with his mother, she being sensitive and bookish. But she was a thwarted woman, disappointed in her ambitions, mean in her ambitions. She was a caste snob and a puritan—a sexual puritan above all, grieving in that for sexual fulfilment she had married the attractive Arthur Lawrence, a man "beneath" her. Lydia Beardsall Lawrence in her striving for virtue, for purity, found it necessary to blame her husband for personal shortcomings—and to choose her sons, successively, as protective knights. By their pure adoration, she was virginized, purified of her denied lust.

This real father Lawrence was taught to reject, to disrespect (who always spoke dialect, as do Lawrence's gamekeeper heroes) was "very good on wild life. . . . He knew the names of the birds and animals and

that," Lawrence's sister Emily recollects. In Lawrence's very first "painfully callow" novel, as Leavis calls it, Annabel in *The White Peacock* is the idealized hero, free, virile, a "malicious Pan." Again in the last—much "gentlemanized" in the third version—he is Mellors of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, whose "touching address to his penis" Lawrence managed to expurgate though he declared himself "blind to the purple of impropriety." He must fight for the phallic realities. The "phallic reality is a free consciousness and a vital impulse, and is the great and saving reality. . . ."

With Frieda, as a lover, as, in a sense, a "father-image"—this best projected in his fiction—the cathartic purge achieved by *Sons and Lovers* came about. The greatness of *Sons and Lovers*, as to some extent *Women in Love* and *The Rainbow*, lies just in this, the fictive catalysis, intuitively, naturally achieved.

And Lawrence's personal happiness, his and Frieda's happiness, the letters of these years records.

With Frieda he was a fine husband. Then what? In the passion of self, is it always true that self-realization, self-salvation, is successfully achieved only to be proved—proved by the impulse to convince others similar salvation can be won?

I find it not too adventurous a theory that it is Frieda who must, in part at least, be held accountable for the salvation of Lawrence the man as, ultimately, she was his destroyer as a writer. What a bad time Lawrence had with her, finally, as he was always to have a bad time with women in general, his mother at the beginning, then E. T. (Jessie Chambers) and Helen Corke and Brett and Mable Dodge Luhan and the many more. Granted, they adored him, adoring themselves. He celebrated the phallic realities, this bearded saint, but also he practiced the every-day realities of scrubbing floors, baking bread, and household arts as "creative" as dressmaking, embroidery, painting, and writing. For them he was neither an assertive crank nor a member of the lunatic fringe; it would even seem he was the more the "crockery-throwing," irascible invalid whom they mothered and revered.

And the mother-wife, queen of them all, was Frieda. There remains as much myth about her as about D.H.L. A born aristocrat, it is absurd to write her off as a typical *Hausfrau* or, on the other hand, a sexual goddess. This is true: once Lawrence came into her life, she found her own reality; she was set free to feel, to act, to think and speak exactly as she wished. This had always been her strongest drive—simply to be herself. Her forthrightness, her downrightedness matched Lawrence's. She was less sensitive, oftentimes surprisingly crude—crude but indisputably hon-

est. She was what is called a "man's woman," indicated by the fact that other women usually disliked her.

In all that we know of her, it is best to read her own book, *Not I, But the Wind*, and the recent *Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence*,[7] edited by E. W. Tedlock. She was not a creative person, but what she lacked in talent she made up for by intelligence—an honest intelligence, always. It can be said she matched Lawrence's mother in the force of her personality. She too was ambitious, but not mean. Conversely, she was not puritanical, not class-conscious, and, above all, not sexually inhibited "Sex is such a weary word," she writes. "It could mean divine urge or a nasty story, but the nasty story always gets a larger audience."

The adulation Lawrence won from their friends she enjoyed—perhaps too much so. She appears to have taken over custodianship of the adoration, even reverence, which almost smothered Lawrence wherever they went. Frieda judged "friendship" for Lawrence as simply the total "belief" anybody had in him. "Had [Bertrand] Russell accepted some of Lawrence's concepts," she can write, naively, "as for instance Aldous Huxley understood them, he might have been a great philosopher as he is a great mathematician; their friendship might have been a wonderful thing."

She and Lawrence as steadfastly loved each other as at the same time they quarreled violently. None of the "friends" understood it, nor did Frieda. It was not hate; it was "love-and-hate." She is age seventy-four when writing to John Middleton Murry, "We shall never understand L's hatred. It was like an impersonal, elemental thing out of nowhere and it frightened me, but a last scrap of me wasn't frightened and I think now I ought to have handled him better; but how can a poor woman handle a thunderstorm?"

She it was who to a great extent created the thunderstorm. She had freed Lawrence as a mothered son; as the fathered son he was the dominating husband. Let it be said Frieda had problems. She deserted a husband who loved her, or could vividly claim he did, for his letters which Tedlock publishes for the first time are touching in their sincere anguish. She deserted and was forced to abandon her three small children.

As much as she made it possible for Lawrence, finally, to achieve *Sons and Lovers*, in 1914 she writes to Edward Garnett,

> I have been so cross with you! You attacked me in your letter and I was cross, but I am afraid you were right and made me realise my wrongs

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[7] *Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence*. Edited by E. W. Tedlock. W. H. Heinemann, 1961. 42s.

> in a way. I hadn't cared twopence about L's novel. Over the children I thought he was beastly; he hated me for being miserable, not a moment of misery did he put up with; he denied all the suffering and suffered all the more, like his mother before him; how we fought over this. In revenge I did not care about his writing. If he denies my life and sufferings I deny his art, so you see he wrote without me at the back of him. The novel is a failure but you must feel something at the back of it struggling, trying to come out. You see, I don't really believe in *Sons and Lovers*; it feels as if there were nothing *behind* all those happenings as if there were no "*Hinterland der Seele*," only intensely fugitive things. I who am a believer though I don't know in what, to me it seems an irreligious book. It does not seem the deepest and last thing said. . . . Writers are so beside the point, not *direct* enough.

Frieda "denied" his art, wanted a belief more "direct" than that she could find in what Lawrence created fictively. Lawrence must not deny her "life and suffering." She was a strong-willed woman.

Upon their return to England in 1914 where they had to stay the years of World War I, Frieda was to suffer, because of her German blood, discrimination and suspicion. It was then, because of this, Lawrence shared her sufferings, which, indeed triggered in him that latent paranoia which it can be said is the cloud-shadow on every "sane" intelligence in our Age of Anxiety. By 1918 it is a world of conventional morality, of legislative and social injustices which Lawrence regards as against him—as an artist, as a husband, as a man. *Sons and Lovers* was written out of the context of Lawrence's individual trauma. And it can well be said that with *Sons and Lovers*, *Women and Love*, and *The Rainbow* E. M. Forster's judgment of Lawrence as "the greatest imaginative" writer of his generation is not excessive.

His later fiction, paradoxically, appears as if less "realistic" by Lawrence's own definition because less "realized," less personal. What "all happened by itself and without any groans from me" pretty much stopped happening; the groaning along with finger-shaking ranting oftentimes is disturbingly and disruptively the fault of *The Plumed Serpent* and the final, most widely published, draft of the three versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. There is a different writer here—because there is a different man? May this not be the man Frieda created?

"There is one triumph for us women, you men can't do things alone," Frieda adds in the letter previously cited to Garnett, "just as little as we can *live* alone." In 1916 from Cornwall, where they are isolated, she is writing to Lady Cynthia Asquith, "For perfect love you don't only have two people, it must include a bigger, universal connection. An *idea*,

something outside themselves, and it is really against individualism. What makes Lawrence so frantic is that he thinks there is no germ of a new idea in Europe anywhere."

What also made him "frantic" may have been his knowledge that Frieda had offered to become the lover of John Middleton Murry. For what was called the conventions Frieda cared not a rap, and although she lived with Lawrence much alone, even claimed she was not "social," she was attracted to people, wherever "their" people might be found. Sicily is "bliss," Chapala "heavenly," and "How is Santa Fe? It's a thousand million times better than the East."

As Eliseo Vivas put it, "what Lawrence intended by the philosophy of the blood was something that would get him closer to 'life' than the sterile lucubrations of his intellectual friends were able to." But these "intellectual friends" were kept around him, and his need to have them, Frieda's need to have them, gave them the comfort of the adulation that the solitary writer learns not to expect. They were best available, these friends and disciples, for the best purpose of Lawrence's being the active proselyte; they were "friends," but it was often Lawrence's necessity to find "enemies" among them. By such necessitous dramatic engagement his later fiction was thus implemented; the tract takes over; the fictive sufficiency is pretty much forsaken.

"Reverence for life" may be a trampled catch-word, but it was the young Bert Lawrence of Nottinghamshire in the earliest fiction and poetry with the pitch of his "wholeness" sustained on a pure note of tenderness tempered by toughness. But Lawrence lost his "wholeness." His later tone is that of the reformer rather than of the visionary. This evidence is as much apparent in his earliest letters as contrasted with those of that last sick, tired years. And it is the work of these later years, especially the final, contorted version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, that has been given an audience disproportionate to its worth. Perhaps Leavis is justified in saying that by "touching on the facts of his history" we can find a Lawrence read with the best insight. This is the Lawrence whom Harry T. Moore says is a "spokesman not only for his generation but for the modern world—as his record and testament."

"Keats' letters are virtually a part of his poetry," Professor Moore writes in his introduction to his new edition of *The Collected Letters*. "Similarly, Hopkins's were often an extension of poetic activity." He comments further on the letters of Rilke and Flaubert. "Lawrence has something in common with all these motivations (after his youth, with Flaubert least of all), and yet he stands apart as a letter writer."

How does he stand apart? Moore needn't say, so long as a reader can

answer the question. But can he? For this reader, incapable as he is in starting all over again in reading and understanding Lawrence, it would properly be the best beginning to start with the letters as here bundled together. Then Frieda's must be read. Alas, there should be the letters both Frieda and Lawrence received! All this could be the best record for perhaps even a better interpretation of a man and a woman, a marriage, a creative life that was a "success" and, finally, to some extent, what can be called a "failure." Only the best writers "fail," as perhaps the best relationships between people are successful only because they survive failure, not only once, but again and again.

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